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HIGH TIMES

MAY 1983

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INTERVIEW: YOKO ONO

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HIGH TIMES

No. 93 May '83

FEATURES

Cover photography • Worliding Design

A Tale of Two Cities by William Levy

Our report on radical youth politics in Paris and Berlin leaves one with the distinct impression that things have gotten decidedly unradical over on the Continent. Says Serge Danay of *Libération*, "Usually every ten years there was something. The Resistance. The Colonial Wars. May '68. And now nothing. No radicalism here. Susan Sontag deceives her readers to protect her income." You can read the rest inside

37

Raiders of the Lost Gold, Part V by "R"

In this month's installment of his dope-age thriller, "R" recounts his experiences in the heart of darkest Miami—Lansky Land—where giant neon hula girls illumine a behavioral sink filled with pimps and prostitutes, punks and pistoleers. What's a world-class marijuana connoisseur doing in a place like this? Would you believe, a little "investigative decadence?"

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Centerfold: In Lebanon...

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Ask a Marine by James Kusnir

Life in Lebanon with the corps. When not directly shooting at them, the Mideast locals are offering our boys whiskey and hash and trying to buy their weapons. Plus, they're still restricted to base and subject to random pot piss tests. Hashish, hashish everywhere; and they're afraid to cop. What do they think about all this? Ask a marine

71

Lucky Dog by Larry Todd

Sometime in the future, when criminals are being punished by having their heads grafted onto dog bodies, people are going to look back at this month's comix and call Larry Todd a genius. Our second installment of "It's a Dog's Life" has Frank selling out Arnie for a hundred Goldfaces, only to give birth to his puppies a scant nine weeks later.

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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32 Interview: Yoko Ono by Bob Fass and Cathie Revland

Two and a half years after her husband's death, Yoko Ono spends the bulk of her time in her New York City apartment living by what she calls "dream power." In a wide-ranging interview, Yoko explores the problems of wealth, power and life without John.



52 At Home with the Jaffras: HIGH TIMES Visits Lebanon's First Family of Hashish by Michael Kienitz

Just a daytrip from downtown Beirut lies Villa Jaffra, home of the biggest and most productive *kayf* plantation in the whole Bekaa Valley. With its unparalleled reputation for excellence and international roster of clients, Family Jaffra has set the standard for quality hashish the world over. Here now for the first time, a glimpse at the workings of this venerable institution.



57 Tito Bandini (If Indeed That Was His Name) by Terry Southern

It was August in New York, and according to Jean-Pierre, Bandini was the lone dealer left in town with a "good head-stash of primo-primo," but he'd only be around till next Thursday, 'cause that's when the dog show closed at the Garden. But even if the Bandini connection was cool, there was no telling if Laura of the "fabulous pink nipples" would still be waiting at the bar when our hero returned with the goodies. Dope satire from the master.

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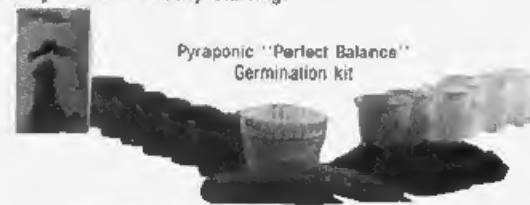
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CBD —————
CBN —————

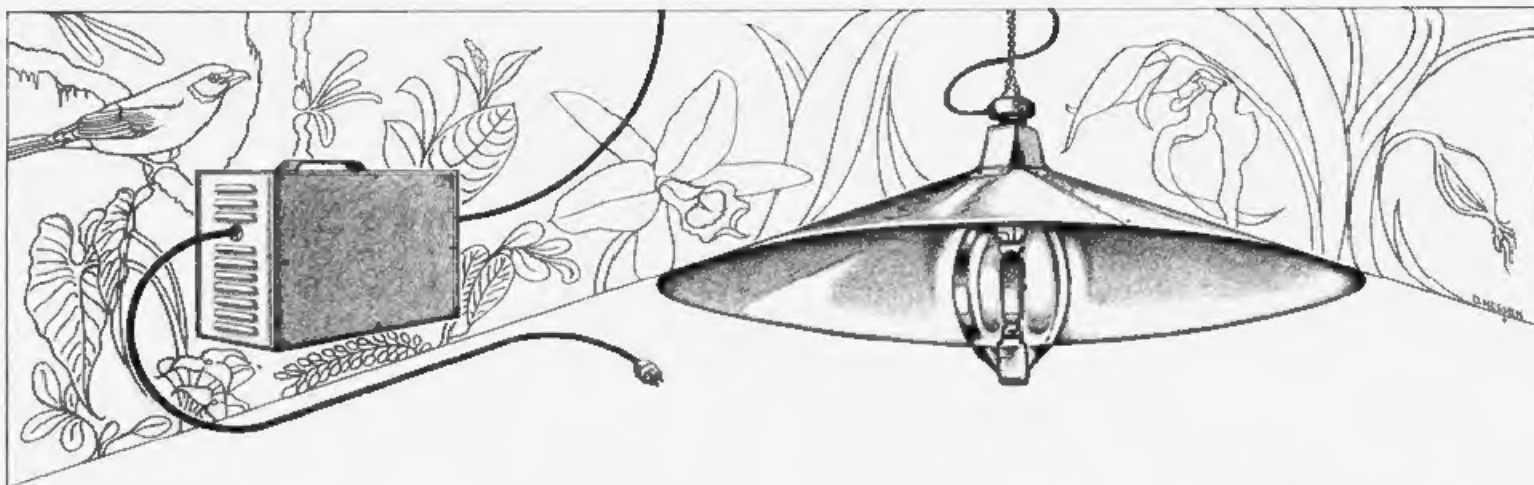
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The Family That Grows Together

Head Tease

Editor:

What the hell is going on? I just picked up the February issue of *HIGH TIMES* and actually had to laugh at your ridiculous De Lorean centerfold. What a damn waste! *Car and Driver*, yes, but *HIGH TIMES*? Come on, let's get serious.

—D. Smith

Gary, Ind.

Maybe we've been reading a different magazine, Mr. Smith, but we never thought any of the HIGH TIMES centerfolds were "serious."

—Ed.

Sounds Good

Editor:

Though I'm not a regular reader of your magazine, I do make it my business to look through an issue every now and then, to recharge my batteries, so to speak. Most recently I came across your February '82 number and was deeply impressed with a piece entitled "Pub Rock," written by John Swenson. I've never thought of *HIGH TIMES* as much of a music magazine before, but if Swenson's article is indicative of the caliber of music coverage you're offering, I guess you *are*—that and a lot of other things besides. Keep up the eclectic approach.

—Thomas Crawford
Somerville, Mass.

Thanks for the kind words, Tom. And by the way, Swenson's piece is indicative of the quality of music coverage we've been offering—he's been our Music Editor for the past three years. (If you read the mag more often, you'd know that.)—Ed.

Grower of Few Words

Editor:

We have been receiving our monthly issues of *HIGH TIMES* and are enjoying them very much. We've seen some pictures of fine marijuana. Here is a shot of our crop; it was grown in Kentucky.

—Growing & Smoking
Somewhere in Kentucky



Editor:

Consider this an honor on my part, for there have been literally billions of times I've wanted to write to a magazine but never got around to doing so. I've followed your publication since the beginning (the proof is in the fact that while I can only afford to buy two magazines a month, *HIGH TIMES* is always one of them; the other's *Heavy Metal*), and I'm familiar with all of its growing pains. I've seen all the changes: approved of some, disapproved of others. The pictures chronicle North America's effort to alleviate its dependence on "alien" drugs. It's an effort of which I'm proud, especially because we can grow the stuff better. The radicalism of the '60s isn't dead, and we here in Kentucky are trying to do our part.

—Chicago Bob
Kentucky



That's Funny, You Don't Look Like You're on Acid

Editor:

Five observations:

1. An increase of I.Q. is one of the demonstrable effects on scientific test subjects who are given LSD.

2. LSD is commonly derived from ergot.

3. Ergot is commonly a fungus of rye.

4. Rye is a dietary staple among the Jews.

5. Jews have the highest average I.Q. of any American ethnic group.

—Name withheld
Stamford, Conn.

Oy vey!—Ed.

Girl Talk

Editor:

When I told my boyfriend a while back that *HIGH TIMES* blows because it *never* runs any stories by women writers (okay, maybe I exaggerated, but not by much), I had no idea that you had Kathy Acker in the pipeline and were preparing to gush her across the length and breadth of the country. You guys sure don't fool around, but Acker's going to be a tough act to follow. Run a couple more pieces like this and I'll begin thinking about taking out a subscription.

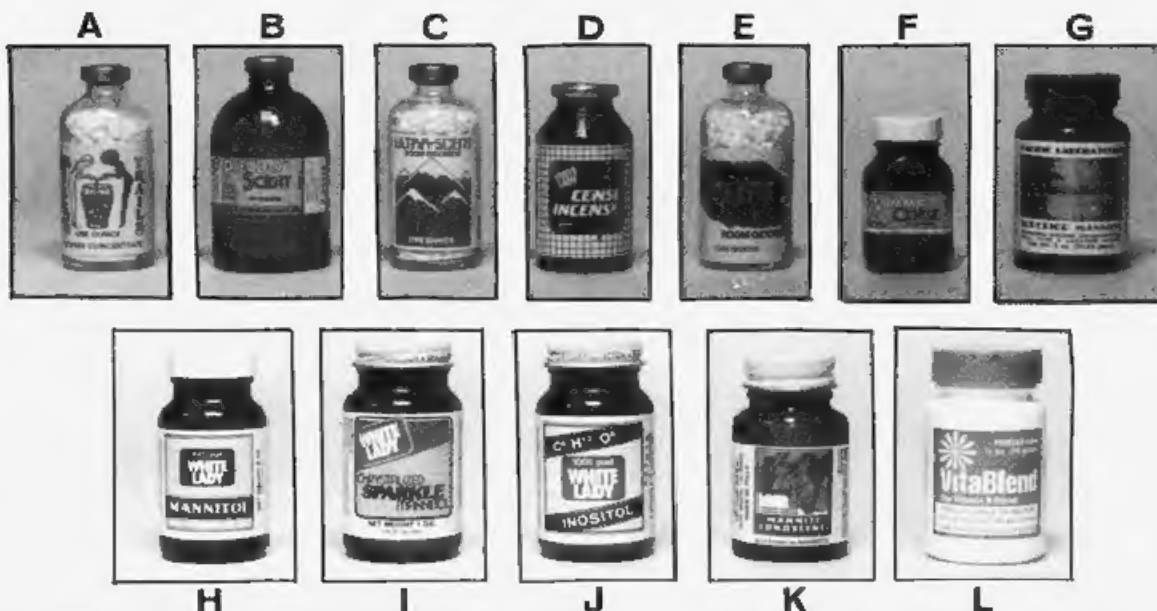
—Pam Stevens
Jacksonville, Fla.

Homegrown Genius

Editor:

Praise to *HIGH TIMES* for initiating "Notes of a Dirty Old Man," written by America's greatest living literary legend, Charles Bukowski. It's about time that American academia woke up to Bukowski's prodigious talent. This is just another case of a native artist being recognized and hailed all over the European continent while being systematically ignored by our own "serious" literary critics. By the way, some of Bukowski's work is now required reading in junior high schools throughout Germany.

—Bob Hartford
Hallandale, Fla.



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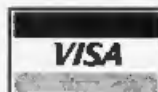
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Dog Story

The year is 2021, and that's Ralphie Longo, onetime Vegas sharpie turned full-time "doggie" (courtesy of an overstepped credit line at the local slot & sluthouse), burying a couple of the transplant cutlets he swiped off the mob's meat wagon. Ralphie's the creation of Larry Todd, and stars in his "It's a Dog's Life," one of the most unique and imaginative comics we've yet to come across. Larry worked on "Dog's Life" off and on for about six years, dividing his time between it and his other comic creation, Dr. Atomic. We began excerpting "Dog's Life" in last month's Seeds 'n' Stems section and will continue to do so until we run out of material—because it's *that* good.

If you'd like a copy of "Dog's Life" for your own, and your local bookstore can't get one for you, send a money order for \$2.50 postpaid to: Last Gasp Mail Order, 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110.



EMIT Trickle On

Reprinted on page 13 is a contract solicitation from the United States Department of the Navy. The navy is looking for a laboratory with a special gas-liquid/mass spectrometry machine; there are less than two dozen such laboratories in the country, because GL/MS machines are very complicated and expensive. The navy here is inviting all these labs to estimate how cheaply they could perform a certain project; the navy will collect bids, and—hopefully—opt for the cheapest one, since it's all U.S. taxpayer money involved.

The project, in brief, is to run "approximately 100,000" urine specimens which the navy has in deep-freeze through a whole GL/MS analytic process. Ordinarily, a full GL/MS process costs about \$150. The lab who wins this contract will probably drop the price down to about \$100, so that, all told, it will only cost Ten Million Dollars to run these 100,000 urine specimens through GL/MS.

Why does the government want to spend all this money on all this piss? Well, look at the "cannabinoid" for which all these GL/MS assays will be seeking: "11-nor-delta-9-THC-9-CooH." That is the substance which is sought in urine by the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay and the Roche Abuscreen THC, two urinalysis tests for "marijuana" that the navy employs on its enlisted personnel. The navy has

/ continued on page 13





WHO IS THAT MASKED MAGAZINE?

No, it hasn't gotten this bad yet. HIGH TIMES is not so all-fired subversive that it has to appear on the stands in a plain brown wrapper. But that is the way we go out to subscribers—in a plain, unmarked brown wrapper.

We realize we make a lot of trouble for a lot of people. HIGH TIMES is forever exposing cops on the take from dope gangsters, and so local police chiefs and D.A.'s are always calling for HIGH TIMES to be banned from the local newsstands. Wherever there's a self-styled "parents" antidope group, the lobbying for a HIGH TIMES newsstand ban is shrill and steady.

Now, for us this is all just fortifying proof that we're doing our job right. And our reaction to all this political pressure is mainly just, "They can kiss our ass." All this political drivel is just a little part of our job, anyhow, and it's just one part of the magazine.

The prime nature and function of HIGH TIMES is fun. In no other magazine will you get the wild mix of fascinating and bizarre entertainment that comes in every issue of HIGH TIMES. We've run articles on professional porno-movie making and professional pit-dog fighting in the same issue! We ran Abbie Hoffman's gastronomical tour of the finest European restaurants (while he was on the lam) along with our own Josh Alan Friedman's assessment of the Miss America Beauty Pageant (which cost him his own appetite for days).

As to drugs, in one single issue HIGH TIMES is likely to run the most detailed and concise run-down on the hazards of bootleg Quaaludes that you are ever likely to find. And then, in that very same issue, we're likely to run a thrill-a-minute account of how an amateur woman dope pilot managed to fly in a planeload of the stuff past successive interceptions by federal narcs, local police and the Mafia itself.

In other words, every single issue of HIGH TIMES is certain to contain something to fascinate you, and something to infuriate you, no matter who you are. And after nearly nine years at this very enjoyable business, we've infuriated so many humorless political people—right-wing, left-wing, centrist—that they're all baying for a HIGH TIMES crackdown, all over the land.

And so we send our subscriber-copies out in plain brown wrappers. That way it all gets safely past any nosy post office people, and there's no way HIGH TIMES subscribers pick up heat for all the trouble we raise.

HIGH TIMES

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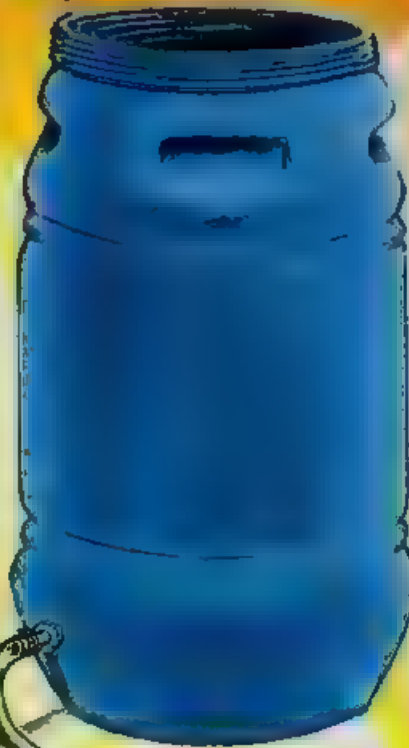


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/ continued from page 9

sworn to court-martial all personnel who produce two EMIT or Abusescreen "positives" for 11-nor-delta-9-etc. But to date, just about any time the navy has tried to court-martial anybody on the basis of these very problematical urine tests, they've wound up with a lot of expensive legal trouble, since these tests don't work as forensic devices. They can't tell recency of marijuana use, and they can't even tell premeditated "use" of grass from mere passive exposure to grass smoke. This all adds up to no end of wasted time and tax money on court costs for the navy, any time they try to court-martial anybody because of a marijuana piss test.

So now, evidently, someone has told the navy that "confirming" these 100,000 EMIT and Abusescreen positives with GL/MS assays will save the navy a whole lot of money in legal fees. But whoever told them this lied straight in their faces, because even a GL/MS, for all the money it costs, still can't tell recency of use, or premeditated use vs. passive exposure.

This contract, then, is what is called a "pure featherbed," because whatever lab wins it will receive at least \$6 million in tax-derived navy funds every three months for the first year, sources report; and then there's a two-year option to go on ripping off the taxpayer. And the navy is going to go and literally piss away all this money, and it's still not going to save them a penny in legal fees at the end.

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FLASHES

Know Thyself?

Here's an excerpt from Dr. Elayne J. Kahn and David Rudnitsky's new book, *1001 Ways You Reveal Your Personality*. We thought it might give you a giggle.

How Your Favorite Drug Reveals Your Personality

239. Marijuana: Marijuana, or cannabis, is a tall herb of the hemp family. If you're a regular pot smoker, then you're probably between the ages of 14 and 25. You claim that grass heightens sexual desire. More than that, however, what may really turn you on is the conspiratorial atmosphere in which marijuana is smoked. Using pot, as much as anything else, shows a spirit of adolescent rebellion against authority.

240. Hashish: This is the drug produced by drying the resin of the cannabis plant. Hashish may be opiated and smoked through a pipe. As a hashish user, you tend to be a loner, reflective and contemplative, yet this is often nothing more than a state of drug-induced mental blankness. And though you may pass the pipe around, your real intention is to "get into your own head," as opposed to anyone else's.

241. Cocaine: Cocaine, which is not one of the narcotics, is obtained from the South American coca plant. "Coke" is the drug of choice among the affluent, trendy and socially mobile. Producing a state of "euphoria," it serves as an anti-depressant and gets you ready to "party." There's no doubt that cocaine is a status drug, and you use it to demonstrate that you've come a long way since your pot-smoking college days.

242. LSD: Popular among the followers of Timothy Leary in the 1960s, the drug's appeal has waned considerably in the last decade. "Tripping" is as much a part of the hippie phenomenon as anything else, and using LSD means that you still hold on to much of the idealism that marked that era. You're basically a flower child who hasn't grown up, preferring to create your own reality rather than dealing with the one at hand.

243. Mescaline and Psilocybin: These drugs cause the user to focus on his or her body to a greater extent than LSD does. As a mescaline user, you really want to get "into" yourself—literally. Closing your eyes, you can visualize the blood coursing through your veins, and "see" the electrical impulses running along the nerve fibers of your brain. You're drawn

to this type of experience because you seek an integrated perspective of your physical and spiritual self.

244. Amphetamines: Amphetamines act as powerful stimulants to the central nervous system. You use this drug not only to stay awake, but to suppress your appetite and increase your sex drive. Amphetamines greatly lower inhibitions, and you find yourself engaging in sexual activities (bisexual, group sex, etc.) far outside your "normal" realm. You're willing to "speed" today, at the expense of "crashing" tomorrow.

245. Barbiturates: Barbiturates were originally developed for the treatment of anxiety and insomnia. The effects are very similar to those produced by alcohol—you feel drunk. In taking these drugs, you act on a desire to deaden—not heighten—your state of consciousness. Seeking to escape reality, you're quick to trade all fears and tension for the oblivion of barbiturate sleep.

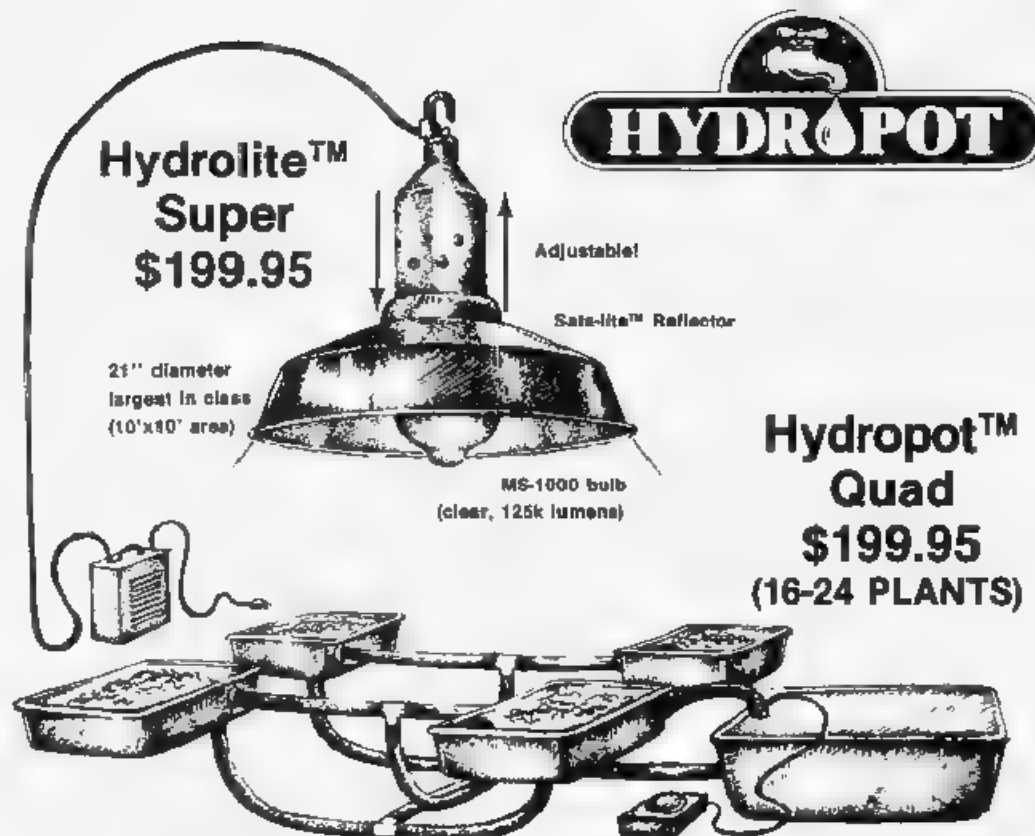
246. Quaaludes (Methaqualone): Quaaludes are a nonbarbiturate sedative. The high you get is similar to being pleasantly drunk, or stoned on several joints. You use "ludes" because you consider the drug to be an aphrodisiac. Although muscular coordination is diminished, the tingle you get in your tongue, lips and limbs appears to be worth the effort. Quaaludes cause a higher tolerance to pain, imbuing you with a false sense of indestructibility.

247. Amyl Nitrite (Poppers): Amyl nitrite comes in little capsules which can be "popped" into the nose, or it can be poured on cotton and kept inside an inhaler. The drug is popular in the gay community and also among heterosexuals into S&M, as a way of intensifying orgasm. Whichever you are, you're willing to exchange a racing heartbeat, pressure around the eyes and a blinding headache for a short-term sexual thrill. Good luck.

248. Drug-Free: You pride yourself on not succumbing to peer pressure. If anything, you claim to believe in "natural" highs, such as the one that comes with jogging. But this is probably just a front.

In reality, your aversion to all drug experiences means that you're terrified of losing control—even for an instant. But if you ever did get stoned—watch out! You'd become the life of the party, even if it was a fundraiser.

From 1001 Ways You Reveal Your Personality, by Elaine J. Kahn and David A. Rudnitsky. © 1982 by Elaine Kahn and David Rudnitsky. A Signet book.



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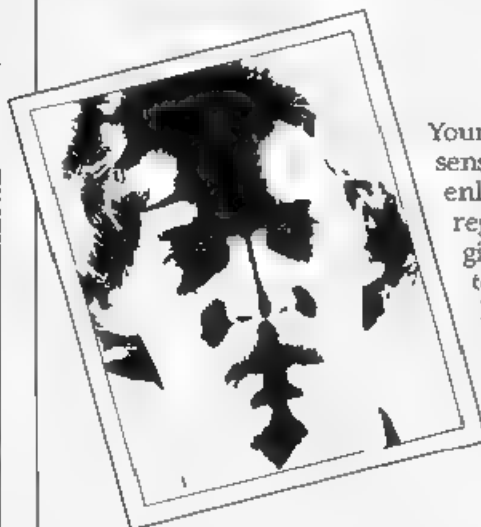
HIGH TIMES is proud to announce the release of contributing editor Kinky Friedman's latest record album, *Under the Double Ego*, on Sunrise Records. *Under the Double Ego* contains 10 brand-new songs which many say are "some of Kinky's best ever." Songs like "People Who Read People Magazine," "The Take-It-Easy Trailer Park" and "Nashville Casualty and Life." Songs that will pull on your leg, tug on your heartstrings and, as the Kinky Man likes to say, "send your penis to Venus."

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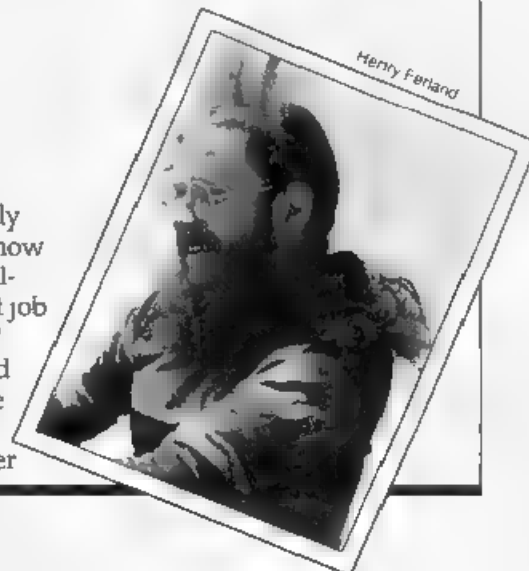
If you'd like to order Kinky's new album, *Under the Double Ego*, send \$12 postpaid via check or money order to Sunrise Records, P.O. Box 9157, Austin, TX 78766. Please specify whether you want the album or the cassette.

High Times: Retooling for the 80's

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—William Meyers, HIGH TIMES Typesetter

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NO. 93

HERBICIDE RAINS DOWN ON JUNGLE

WHO'S PARAQUATTING BELIZE?



LATE BULLETIN: As this story went to press, *Highwitness News* learned of the following statement, issued by the Drug Enforcement Administration in the course of its annual appeal to Congress for reauthorization: "The DEA office in Guatemala, which has liaison with Belize, successfully encouraged the government of Belize to allow the government of Mexico to eradicate marijuana fields in Belize, most of which was destined for the U.S. market" (sic).

by Bob LaBrasca

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FOR AT LEAST SEVEN MONTHS now, Mexican helicopters have been roaring out of the sky over the peaceful lowlands of the tiny Central American country of Belize and dropping torrents of the poisonous herbicide paraquat. "Thousands of fields of marijuana" have been destroyed in this manner, according to Norris Hall, Chief Information Officer for Belize, and the government considers this collaborative program with Mexico and the United States a grand success.

But in the Orange Walk area, where most of the aerial spraying has taken place, small farmers have been complaining bitterly about the destruction of their food crops, and beekeepers are watching their honey harvests shrink, because paraquat is toxic to bees and kills flowering plants.

These, of course, are only the obvious, short-term side effects of the paraquat bombardment; no one knows how dire the long-term fallout might be. Paraquat dichloride, or Gramoxone (the brand name under which it is sold in Central America), is a profoundly noxious substance; that's why it works so well as an herbicide. A small amount, ingested undiluted, can kill a human being within a few painful days. The effects on people of trace quantities, ingested repeatedly through eating tainted food or drinking water in which paraquat has collected, are unknown. No studies exist on its dangers for persons afflicted with chronic illnesses common to poor peasant farmers—like those around Orange Walk.

It is virtually certain, though, that the residents of the spray zones in Belize—the pot growers themselves, for instance—have been consuming some paraquat regularly. The air raids, according to Belizean reports, were not announced beforehand; so local farmers were given no opportunity to take precautions against exposure.

A 1979 U.S. State Department study, of the environmental impact on the areas of Mexico heavily paraquatted in the anti-marijuana spraying that began in 1975, showed that paraquat collected in ground water and on neighboring food crops. Little information was available when the study was conducted on the health effects on the local *campesinos*, but some things were said about its impact on the biological environment. Paraquat—in the amounts left by the fallout from pot spraying—is known to kill certain fishes, insects, plankton, aquatic plants and al-



gae. Cows grazing on 'quatted vegetation tend to reduce milk production by up to 57 percent, and horses feeding on lightly 'quatted pastureland develop tongue, gum and hard-palate lesions that take weeks to heal. What all this may mean for humans at the top of a paraquat-contaminated food chain is anyone's guess.

And aerially sprayed paraquat does drift beyond target areas. In Mexico—using the same pilots, planes and spray equipment now employed in Belize—the drift generally ex-

tended 50 to 100 feet in any direction from the targeted pot plots. The total area inadvertently affected this way, the State study calculated, was more than 65,000 acres in 1977 alone. According to Norris Hall, most of the fields sprayed in Belize have been small patches located in dense jungle. It is extremely unlikely that the cultivators of these pot patches cleared widely separate plots for marijuana and food crops. And, since they were not notified in advance of the raids, it is even more unlikely that anyone ever warned them about the possible hazards of consuming 'quat-tainted food.

Why, then, has the government of poor, tiny Belize launched this massive and dangerous campaign against its own rural population? According to Norris Hall, the effort is aimed at halting a criminal industry that has burgeoned only in the last five years with an influx of drug traffickers, who saw little Belize as a "safe haven." Notably, Hall said he also

believes the pot farmers are "mostly aliens" from neighboring Guatemala and Mexico. It may be that the central government of English-speaking Belize fears the development of marijuana wealth, and perhaps power, among the Spanish-speaking *campesinos* near the Guatemalan border, whose patriotism may be questionable. Independent of English rule for less than two years, Belize maintains a healthy fear of invasion from Guatemala—whose government claims (on the basis of an ancient Spanish land grant) every inch of Belizean territory. A garrison of 1,600 British troops and an RAF contingent remain in Belize, at the request of the new government, against just such an eventuality.

But even if Belize has a motive for waging a pot war on this scale, how can a nation with only 150,000 taxable citizens afford the expense? Information Chief Hall claims the campaign has been made

/ continued on page 26



CANINE NARCS SCORE MEATY STASH

SCHOOL LOCKER SEARCH LEADS TO DISCOVERY

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

THE DOPE DOGS WENT ABSOLUTELY bananas when the local cops led them through the corridors of Kingman High. The animals, painstakingly trained to sniff out the faintest trace of marijuana odor, were "alerting" ardently all over the place, against one locker after another. There was obviously trouble in Kingman! Authorities were shocked, parents were panicked, teachers were appalled and kids were hysterical with laughter at the dogs' antics.

Turns out the dogs were just naturally going crazy over the odor of beef jerky, a notoriously irresistible scent for canines of all sorts, however well trained. A Kingman High activities club was selling the stuff after school to raise money for special events, and the kids were keeping it in their lockers.

"They didn't find any marijuana," superintendent Richard Dawson told relieved parents. "But they sure did find beef jerky." **HT**



FED COURT TIGHTENS COURIER PROFILE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT WAS A TYPICAL DEA "drug-courier profile" bust at Washington National Airport. A New York man, after deplaning, was observed in the terminal by experienced drugs agents to head straight for the phone booths in a "nervous" fashion, and make three hasty calls. Then he stood around for a good while, looking increasingly "angry and distraught" when no one came to meet him. This looked like a *live* one, a real high roller, the experienced drugs agents

decided.

They told him they were cops, and asked to talk to him, and—although he was not obliged by any law to do so—the man complied. By and by, the cops were inside his luggage, where they discovered a plain white envelope with rather less than an ounce of white crystal matter inside. The matter turned out to be less than 50 percent cocaine, among the mannitol cut. But they busted him anyhow, and he pulled a year in jail, which he promptly appealed.

That all happened in 1980 and '81, but this year the

U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit finally overturned the man's conviction, on grounds of illegal search and seizure. "Though the constitutional requirements for a 'reasonable articulable suspicion' for police investigative seizures has come justifiably to be a lenient one," opined Their Worships, "it nevertheless protects a precious right—hardly earned and easily lost—to be free of arbitrary police intrusions on individual privacy and free movement."

So, for the time being, you can stall act "nervous," or even "angry and distraught" in a

public airport, and it won't serve as an excuse for police to go digging through your luggage without a warrant—providing you don't fit any of the other open-ended criteria of the drug-courier profile, of course, and the airport happens to be located within the jurisdiction of the fourth federal circuit.

But the *prime* right to keep in mind, when perambulating through airports, is this, attorneys agree: You do *not* have to talk to a cop, ever, without an attorney present, even if you happen to be carrying dope at the moment. **HT**

'O' HIGHJACKERS FLEE TO BURMA IN THAI HIJINKS

CHIANG MAI, THAILAND

THE ONLY CASUALTY OF THE Great Opium Highjacking of 1983 was the airplane's captain, who sprained an ankle whilst clambering out of the flight deck onto the airstrip here, abandoning his unlucky passengers to the uncertain

custody of the highjackers. The three Shan State tribesmen who waylaid the aircraft eventually made it back home to the Burmese highlands. What happened to the opium, if it was opium (as opposed to morphine-base or pure her-

oin), is uncertain. Whoever wound up with the dope (the Thai police or the military, perhaps?) is presumably too rich by now to care to talk about it.

The adventure started on a routine domestic hop from Lampang to Chiang Mai, up near the Thai-Burmese border. Eleven passengers were aboard, including three mountain dwellers from the Shan highlands of Burma, evidently carrying a substantial packet of dope in the service of General Khun Sa, the opium warlord who has run most of Burma (outside of the recognized "capital," Rangoon) since the late 1960s. One of the other passengers, it seems, was a Thai government narc, who tried either to seize the dope from the *montagnards*, or extort a bribe from them, or something. In any event, in mid flight all hell broke loose aboard the medium-size, British-built Short 330 airplane.

The three Shan dope mules pulled out their pirate ordinance—a hand grenade, a sawed-off shotgun and a machete—and took over the plane.

After touching down on the municipal strip at Chiang Mai, the four-member flight crew promptly scrambled out of the Short by the hatches and windows, leaving the eight passengers and three highjackers inside. Traffic was suspended at the strip, and a planeload of crack anti-terrorist troops was flown in

from Bangkok to storm the hijacked Short, if necessary.

It was not necessary. During nine hours of hostage negotiations, the Shans put forth their rather simple demands: a helicopter to fly them back to the highlands, parachutes to drop them out of it and the \$30,000 in pounds sterling that they'd been ordered, by Khun Sa's people, to collect for the dope. And they got away with it.

The Thai police made it sound lively enough. According to their official report, just after sunset the highjackers commandeered a cop van, plowed through a roadblock and made it all the way to the Burmese border—somehow—under hot pursuit all the way. Press inquiries ultimately revealed, however, that the Shans had simply been allowed to drop off their hostages, one by one, at various places around Chiang Mai, until they got to a spot—probably a military helipad—from which they could be discreetly airlifted back home to the mountains.

To this day, it's not known if they succeeded in collecting the money for their dope. But since the dope itself was never officially accounted for by the cops, it seems entirely possible that they were paid in full.

Khun Sa, 54, a Shan nationalist warlord of ferocious right-wing inclinations, has been running dope out of Burma ever since the Vietnam War, when the American CIA assisted him in the enterprise with their own "Air America" charter-plane service. In 1973, General Khun proposed to get out of the smuggling racket by selling the whole Burmese opium crop to U.S. narcotics authorities, but the offer was nixed by righteous Washington politicians. Since then, Khun has succeeded, by manipulating literally billions of dollars in "Golden Triangle" opium proceeds, in consolidating all highland Burma as his personal fiefdom; it serves as a very effective "buffer state" between Communist China and Thailand, the USA's major remaining ally in Southeast Asia. **WT**



From Chiang Mai, the highjackers escaped by routes uncertain (arrow) back to Shan State.

SPEED PEE-TEST FOUND FLAWED

ANOTHER 'EMIT' GLITCH

by Dean Latimer

MIAMI, FLORIDA

SCORES OF COMMONLY PURCHASED nonprescription cold medications and diet aids may contain detectable quantities of genuine amphetamine molecules, chemists at SP Labs, a federally licensed drug-testing service here, have determined. Nearly every brand of medication that contains the "legal stimulant" phenylpropanolamine (PPA) may contain submicroscopic particles of real amphetamine, a tightly controlled prescription drug; the amphetamine appears to be an accidental by-product of the commonest chemical process used to make PPA. While the amphetamine, in these quantities, will have absolutely no effect on the users of the medications, it can collect in urine in quantities sufficient to signal a "positive" reading on the most commonly used urinalysis test for speed: the EMIT amphetamine test produced by the Syva Company of Palo Alto, California.

Cold medications like Contac, which use PPA as a decongestant, may very likely contain traces of amphetamine, as may commercial "diet pills" like Dietac, Thin-Spanz and the numberless brands of other weight-loss preparations. The merchandisers of these drugs do not ordinarily make their own PPA, but buy it in bulk from companies specializing in PPA manufacture. Therefore, if one PPA bulk supplier, selling to several different drug companies, contaminates a whole batch with traces of amphetamine, there is no way of telling from month to month which specific brand-name products may contain the drug.

The chemists at the Toxicology Testing Service at SP Lab here did find amphetamine traces in both Contac



and Dietac, produced by the Smithkline Beckman drug company. Smithkline, which makes its own PPA, advised *HIGH TIMES*, as this article went to press, that its own chemists were still "conducting tests" (three months after SP Labs report) to see if there might be any speed in their cold nostrums and diet aids.

Even with those products which may contain amphetamine, however, it's impossible for anyone to take enough at one time to achieve a speed buzz, notes SP chemist Terry Hall who discovered this phenomenon last winter. "The amphetamine content is virtually nonexistent," Hall warns. "Anyone who tries to take enough of these things to get a real amphetamine high will most certainly get sick, and maybe even overdose, on the phenylpropanolamine." In high doses, PPA has most of the same toxic effects—palpi-

tations, coma and death, for instance—as real amphetamines, but without the high.

However, since amphetamine has a relatively extended retention phase in the body—it takes 12 hours for the body to eliminate just half of any given dose in urine—these traces can collect in the bladder until substantial amounts are found there. Chemist Hall at SP, in the course of investigating this phenomenon, developed a mild cold and took one Contac capsule; the next day, testing his own urine by SP's super-high-tech lab process, he found amphetamine traces in it. In view of this, it's very possible that many people who've been found positive for "amphetamine" by the EMIT urinalysis process (which is used in the armed services, in jails and by employers to screen people for "drugs of abuse") may actually have merely been taking

some common-cold remedy or diet aid.

This problem came to view late last year when an airforce lieutenant, a B-52 copilot, found himself suddenly taken off flight status because an EMIT urine scan, given in the course of a routine physical, showed him to be "positive" for amphetamines, even though he claimed never to have taken speed in his life. His attorney, aware that the EMIT's enzyme-immune urinalysis process has been known to yield false positives on other drugs, had the lieutenant's EMIT urine sample rechecked by SP Lab's much more elaborate process: gas-liquid chromatography with mass spectrometry (GLC/MS). And SP's GLC/MS apparatus *did* turn up traces of real amphetamine in the urine, but only in the virtually nonexistent quantity of 100 nanograms per milliliter of urine. At the same time, they found a much more substantial concentration of PPA in the sample: 68 micrograms per milliliter of urine, or 680 times more PPA than amphetamine.

So they asked the pilot if he'd taken any drugstore preparations around the time he donated the urine sample, and the answer was affirmative: Thin-Spanz, a nonprescription diet aid containing large quantities of PPA. The SP chemists tested some Thin-Spanz capsules on their GLC/MS, and found that, yes, there *was* a tiny, "nanomolecular" concentration of real amphetamine in each capsule.

This suggested to chemist Hall, a former forensic expert with the state police, that amphetamine might be an "artifact," or accidental by-product, of the manufacture of PPA. So the lab obtained sev-

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FLORIDA JUDGE SAYS NORML MUST PAY \$\$ FOR LOST 'QUAT SUIT

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA



Norman Kent, devastated.

THE FLORIDA CHAPTER OF the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana laws was dunned by the state of Florida for an estimated \$10,000 in court fees, involving a suit NORML brought against the state last year to prevent the wholesale spraying of marijuana crops in 53 counties. "I am devastated," NORML attorney Norman Kent of Fort Lauderdale declared on the day the decision against NORML was handed down in Broward County circuit court. "Well, not devastated. I'll rebound. But first I need a joint. This is unbelievable."

Florida attorney general Jim Smith, when he announced the Florida paraquat program last August, swore his cops were going to carpet no fewer than 165 marijuana fields in 53 counties around the state with the poisonous herbicide paraquat before the harvest season. Paraquat, which does an excellent job of killing herbs such as pot, is pretty good at killing people, too; a small amount, ingested orally, is sufficient to cause death, and even molecular quantities of it, inhaled repeatedly as in 'quat-contaminated marijuana joints, has the possibility of inflicting low-level but cumulative lung damage on victims, according to the Atlanta Center for Disease Control.

NORML, therefore, filed two suits to enjoin the Florida spraying, one after the other. First Kent filed for a para-

quat injunction in Broward County court, petitioning the state to abandon the scheme. The state attorney's office filed a host of preliminary challenges to the petition, all of which were nixed by the Broward court, except for one changing the site of the proceedings to Tallahassee, the state capital.

At about this time, NORML's erstwhile national legal counsel, Peter Meyers, filed for a paraquat injunction against the state of Florida in federal court in Washington, D.C. To fend off this new suit, Florida attorney general Jim Smith claimed that Meyers's federal suit would have to wait until the disposition of Kent's prior state suit. Since Florida NORML does not have any really substantial financial re-

sources, Kent then dropped his suit, so that the question could be settled by the national organization in Washington.

After much deliberation, federal district-court judge Barrington Parker ultimately approved the Florida spraying project, but only on condition that the police sprayers follow all the strict Environmental Protection Agency guidelines for paraquat use, just as civilian sprayers must follow them. Since before this

decision of Parker's there had been a possibility that the police might not feel obliged to follow the EPA guidelines, and might have just gone off splashing 'quat around everywhere, this was actually a considerable public service on NORML's part.

The fact is, though, NORML lost the suit, at least on paper. Jim Smith's sprayers, by the time the decision came down, had somehow lost

claiming, with coattorney Joseph Geller, that since Florida NORML abandoned litigation before the merits of the case had ever been raised before the Tallahassee court, no decision was ever made at all, therefore, there was no "prevailing" party, or any loser, either. But the Broward judge ultimately ruled that NORML would have to come up with around \$10,000 in court fees—unless they could prove, in a rehearing, that the state really wasn't the prevailing party.

"I am devastated," attorney Kent kept repeating, the day the Broward court decision came down. Then, after sober and sedate reflection, he decided to be a gentleman about it all. Since the state of Florida had already spent far more than \$10,000, in unrecoverable tax money, to sue NORML for court fees, Kent made a deal. He told the state's attorney he'd be glad to pay \$3,500 out of that \$10K; and the state's attorneys were happy to settle for it, rather than spend thousands more on the rehearing to which Kent was entitled.

"That's Florida for you," chuckled NORML national coordinator George Farnham. "They really would have spent a hundred thousand dollars to collect ten thousand if we'd forced them to. That's the Florida taxpayer's money at work." **NR**

*"I'll rebound. But first
I need a joint."*

track of 52 of their original 53 pot plots, and only managed to spray one single patch, up in the panhandle. And instead of blitzing it with paraquat vapor from overhead, the cops had to hand-spray the field, then stand guard around it for three days and burn it.

The waste of Florida tax money involved in all this folderol did not go unmentioned in state and local media. To at least partially recoup, Attorney General Smith's people came up with the idea of suing Florida NORML for court costs involved in the state suit. The suit dragged on for months: Smith's lawyers claiming that the state was entitled to the court fees as the "prevailing party" in the paraquat suit, and Kent

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DIET AIDS DUPE SYVA URINE TEST

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eral other nonprescription decongestants and diet aids, and found similar amphetamine traces in most brands containing PPA

SP's discovery of speed traces in Contac and Dietac startled the Smithkline pharmaceutical company, which produces both and advertises them on national television: "We think the lab found a false positive," a Smithkline spokeswoman told Fort Lauderdale *News-Sentinel* Sun reporter William Gibson. "It must have been a mistake with the test." On the other hand, to her knowledge, Smithkline itself has never checked to see if their drugs *might* be contaminated with speed traces: "There are no amphetamines in it," she reasoned Jesuitically, "so there is no amphetamine testing."

In view of the fact that, for years, "underground" speed chemists have speculated about the tantalizing structural similarity between PPA molecules and amphetamine molecules, and how easy it might be to convert one drug into the other, this failure to *ever* check PPA for speed-traces puzzles Hall: "I just can't believe this could go on in the marketplace without the FDA knowing about it." But the FDA advised Gibson that to their knowledge, no one had ever thought of this possibility before. "I don't know that we've ever looked," says an FDA spokesman.

Amphetamine in any quantity, in the possession of an unauthorized person, is illegal. Amphetamine traces found in urine, in any quantity, by the EMIT process, are generally considered to be "proof" of prior amphetamine use. EMIT urine-test administrators in the services, jails and private industries do not inquire how the drug wound up in the urine; they consider an EMIT positive to indicate intentional use of an illegal drug, and automatically undertake adverse action against the urine donor.

The effects are disastrous in individual cases, such as this air-force flight lieutenant's. "Now I don't have a career," he points out, having been reduced from flight instructor status to giving guided tours around an air-force museum in Louisiana. Even if he leaves the service, prospects are grim: "There are no jobs for pilots now with the airlines, and if this is on my record, I have almost no chance." And all because, it seems likely, the EMIT piss test for speed can't tell between the trace amphetamine molecules in Thin-Spanz, and real prescription speed or illicit methamphetamine. **MT**

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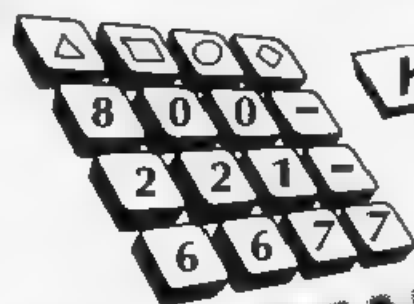


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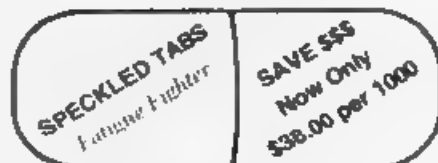
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BELIZE BLITZ

/ continued from page 20

possible through the generous assistance of Mexico. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, he told HIGH TIMES, is "involved," but to what extent, or in what capacity, he didn't know; that information simply was not available. Certainly, the DEA wasn't funding the program. Mexico, of course, has no obvious motive of its own for helping out Belize this way. A Belizean marijuana crop, after all, is not likely to be exported to Mexico (coals to Newcastle) to poison Mexican youth.

The paraquatting of Belize, on the other hand, fits nicely into U.S. drug policy for the hemisphere. A \$19-million State Department program to paraquat all the pot in the Western Third World has been in effect since Dec. 21, 1982. It was instituted with the authority of a slapdash Environmental Impact Statement commissioned by the Department of State and compiled by the Mitre Corporation of McLean, Virginia (Mitre also wrote the 1979 study of the environmental effects of paraquat in Mexico). The only environment considered by the Mitre people, though, was the lung terrain of U.S. marijuana smokers (see Highwitness News, March, '83).

So the State Department, the only agency empowered to fund such an operation, would seem the most likely sponsor of the Belize blitz. In response to inquiries from HIGH TIMES, however, a representative of the department, Carolyn Johnson, strongly denied any U.S. financial backing for the sorties in Belize. Why? Because the "quatting of Belize began no later than early November, more than a month before the State Department had official authority to "begin discussions" of such programs with foreign governments. And because, under the policy that was finally adopted, a "Concise Environmental Review" of the probable local impact of spraying is required to be submitted before any such activity can be funded. Obviously, this was not done in Belize; therefore, the United States could not have sponsored the spraying there—or so State would have us believe.

Without pressure and financial support from this country, though, it is unlikely that the Belize bombardment would ever have gotten off the ground. The Mexican government, constantly reported to be at the verge of bankruptcy, would not likely lend its support to Operation Belize without at least some promise of reimbursement. Mexico will undoubtedly receive, one day, a large chunk of the \$19 million allocated for paraquatting in the Americas, and it would take no particularly complex bookkeeping to allocate a por-

tion of that sum, retroactively, to pay off the debt on the adventure in Belize.

And the DEA has been actively stumping, at home and abroad, for an international paraquat program ever since December 1981, when Congress repealed the three-year prohibition against the funding of such operations. U.S. officials, however, have found it difficult to convince Colombia and Jamaica (considered by DEA to produce about 90 percent of the pot smoked in the United States) to go along with such a program. The State Department line on all this, of course, is that the United States does not pressure other countries into using paraquat, but merely agrees, when requested, to aid those nations that initiate their own programs. That nonsense aside, U.S. drug policy makers have been very much in need of another paraquat beachhead, and Belize fills that role very well indeed.

Belize, small and weak as it is, has little power to resist any pressure from state-side. The United States, after all, wields great influence with Guatemala, whose notoriously ruthless generals—ever alert to any issue that could distract attention from that country's substantial internal problems—periodically are seized by attacks of war fever over the possibility of conquering Belize. Belize, if it wants to remain Belize for very long, must be constantly solicitous of Uncle Sam's favor. So, although the State Department and the government of Belize deny it, it is virtually certain that the United States has played, and continues to play, a principal role in bringing down the deluge of herbicide that is terrorizing the countryside around Orange Walk.

And what about the danger to American potsmokers? Well, Belizean weed is not common on the U.S. market, though some of it—excellent stuff, they say—does reach these shores. But if you score any of it, and you *do* smoke it, with any real regularity, you will face an undeniable danger of developing lung fibrosis, according to the Atlanta Center for Disease Control. But look at it this way: Paraquatted marijuana is sickly yellow in color and powdery in texture, because its very cellular structure is collapsing. Would you smoke weed that looked like that? Would any self-respecting smuggler, with money to invest and the savvy to travel as far as Belize, buy a load of something as repulsive as that? Would he imagine that he could peddle any of it, once he'd risked his very ass to get it back into the good old USA? Well, maybe. It takes all kinds... HT



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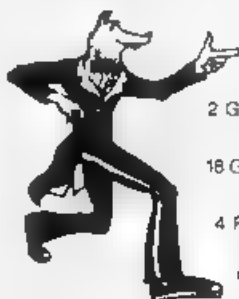
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THE POPE SMOKES DOPE

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Followers of this space may recall a story two years ago concerning the antics of one Michael Cesar, proprietor of the popular "dial-a-joint" dealership. Cesar got popped two days after a write-up appeared in *New York* magazine, and on the same day that the *New York Post*, also owned by Australian publishing magnate Rupert Murdoch, ran a similar story. The *Post* piece included a photoreproduction of a dial-a-joint "menu," listing seven varieties of pot and their prices; it also revealed the block where the operation was located and gave a description of the building.

There was considerable debate in New York's media/dope circles over whether it was the Murdoch media that fingered poor Mickey or mere coincidence that brought publicity and cops on the same train. The most damning evidence against the Murdochites was the presence of *Post* staff photos on the scene during the bust, popping away. How would they have happened to show up, went the reasoning, unless there was a reciprocal flow of information between them and the cops? It turned out that Mickey himself had telephoned the newsmen, not wanting them to miss the action, nor himself the publicity.

Mickey is back in the news again in New York, up to his same old tricks. At a recent press conference—held during a fund-raising campaign to pay hospital bills he incurred after some gunshot wounds inflicted by unfriendly neighbors—Mickey boldly outlined his newest operation, the "sacrament" delivery service of the Church of the Realized Fantasy, of which he is pope. By calling a well-publicized number, which had appeared in numerous publications (not *HIGH TIMES*) and requesting the menu of the day, the caller would be informed of the present stock of sacraments—stickless Thai, seeded Mex, Arkansas sinse, basic Colombian, etc.—and their ounce prices. The caller could place an order, and the sacrament would be delivered within the hour.

"The cops can't touch me, I'd pull freedom of religion," Cesar told incredulous reporters. He went on to say that the church had over 60 "delivery boys" and netted \$30,000 a day. Cops scoffed at the

\$30,000 figure, insisting they'd watched the operation and considered it such small potatoes that they'd given it low priority. "But now we'll take another look," intoned a police spokesman. Cesar, who has twice fallen on pot raps, the latest netting him six months, calls jail "summer camp."

The next day a delivery boy sold some sacraments to a narc who had called an hour earlier, and was promptly busted. Callers have since been told that the church is temporarily closed. Stay tuned for more on this lemminglike adventure. Tobacco road to nirvana...Ever since Jack Anderson wrote a column some years back claiming that cigarette companies, anticipating legalization, were considering registering as trademarks some popular street names—Panama red and Acapulco gold among them—rumors have circulated that tobacco firms are waiting in the wings with marketing schemes calculated to give them an oligopoly. The tobacco giants have vehemently denied this, as might be expected.

The latest rumor on this subject has some interesting speculative elements: Supposedly, the tobacco companies have developed a superseed that erupts from the ground, flowers in 12 weeks and produces an unparalleled high. One version of this story actually maintains that some successful sinse growers are in the employ of tobacco companies—industrial spies, as it were—keeping their bosses abreast of advancements in sinseculture, and giving them a place to try out their new strains.

Vive la difference... And speaking of superstrains, don't miss the soon-to-be-playing-your-neighborhood-hotshot species of the '80s: *Cannabis ruderalis*. Cannabotany is aware that there are at least three major species of the genus *cannabis*: *sativa*, *indica* and *ruderalis*. Up until the mid '70s, this fact was little recognized by anyone, especially lawmakers, who persisted in banning *Cannabis sativa* specifically. When a few clever lawyers got their clients off by pointing out that no proof had been offered that a particular brick of pot was *not indica* or *ruderalis*, these laws were quickly rewritten to include all species. Don't expect this weed to be any more legal than the rest.

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CANADA			
Commercial Colombian Gold and red Colombian	absolutely zitch, prices on futures likewise	oz	65-85
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	lb	700-800
Mexican tops	making the rounds	oz	125
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	lb	400-1200
Afghan hash	not a bomb	oz	325-350
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	lb	2800-3600
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	50-85
Hash	red Leb	lb	450-550
LSD	your choice	gm	15
Methqualone	same boots as in States	oz	260
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	lb	15

COLOMBIA			
Santa Maria golds, reds	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	lb	100-225

DENMARK			
Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better than year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghan hash	ditto	oz	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	brisk market	oz	60-120
Cocaine		oz	1200-2200

ECUADOR			
Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Emeralds swap green	the worst	oz	200
Cocaine base	lots	lb	6-10
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	oz	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	gm	2-4

JAMAICA			
Jamaican gold	color, sweetness varies	lb	40-60
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	negotiable

MEXICO			
Guerrero gold	dry seedy but super	oz	25
Oaxaca	long-stem beauties	lb	175

Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	25
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	lb	250
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	20
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	lb	.75
Methqualone	much pharma-ceutical, okay	gm	5

NORTHERN IRELAND			
Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	.35
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	.175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	.70
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-.60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	gm	6
Cocaine	called 'De Lorean White'	gm	160

PANAMA			
Seeded reclhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	stall seedy, but stungy & stony	oz	1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	lb	160

SAUDI ARABIA			
Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistani hash	fresh, pressed	gm	15-20
Afghani hash	groenish black, funny as choice	oz	225-250
Lebanese red hash		oz	.10-.15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	oz	.75-200
Thai sticks	great commercial grade	gm	.40-.5
Philippine pot	legit, kind of homemade	oz	175-200
Moonshine		oz	250-300

UNITED STATES			
Area Bulletins			
Muskogee, Okla.	red-haired, home-grown sinse, mint green	lb	600
Phoenix	Mad Jag canyon-grown sinse, Afghan purebred and Puoban x Mau hybrid cross "Zenflower")	lb	1700-2300
Morningside Heights, N.Y.	"Nixon Pharaoh," four-way blotter	oz	10
Philly	"Madame frog," 10-page comic-book acid	oz	3
Quebec	Tennessee sinse, a mind boggler for these parts	oz	200
Cambridge, Mass.	Black Afghan hash, terrific	gm	.10
State College, Pa.	Commercial Colombian gone by now	gm	7
Providence, R.I.	Orange-sunshine acid, no shit, barrel and all	100 s	.100
Southeast Texas	Mushrooms, dried, trip-and-a-half	oz	35-45
Wash. D.C.	Mex sinse, passes for domestic	oz	140

National Market			
U.S. sinsemilla	germination underway	oz	125-250
Commercial Mexican	rapidly expanding market	lb	1200-2400
Top-grade Mexican	gold and seedy	oz	35-60
Mexican sinsemilla	good and plenty	lb	375-535
Jamaican	appears and disappears	oz	45-60
Jamaican sinsemilla	tendency toward dryness	lb	475-550
Commercial Colombian	keep looking	oz	115-35
Thai sticks	yucks like stamps	lb	1200-1500
Loose Thai	by the handie	oz	35-45
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	lb	375-450
Moroccan hash	dry, spit slabs	oz	70-100
Lebanese hash	wavering	lb	700-1000
Black Afghan hash	gov't seal	oz	45-65
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	lb	450-650
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	10-25
Pailecybin mushrooms	dried, encapsulated	lb	180-225
Peyote	crusty heady	oz	165-220
LSD	green monster	oz	235-300
Cocaine	strawberry dots	lb	2700-3200
Methqualone	king of the one liners	oz	125
Crosses and black beauties	best boots in the West	lb	90-110
Methamphetamine	erratic	oz	825-1100

Alaska			
Commercial Colombian	shake city	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	tis the season	lb	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50
Mainland sinsemilla	unmigrant flow	oz	200
Thai sticks	timberland	lb	50-65
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	500-600
Cocaine	are you shutting me?	lb	225-300
LSD	blots	oz	2000-2750
Methqualone	bootlickers	lb	2400-2650

Hawaii			
Pena buds	victim of inflation	oz	225-275
Kona gold	banana size buds	lb	2200-2750
Mauna Loa	emerald green	oz	2000-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	lb	200-250
LSD	fresh from the lab for cheap	oz	225-275
Mushrooms	not a big mover	lb	2400-3000
Cocaine	over the counter from S.A.	gm	75-125
Amphetamines		oz	2050-3000

PSILOCYBIN

AKA: Psilocybian, psilocin, magic mushrooms, 'shrooms, teonanacatl (flesh of the gods)

CHARGES

Ingestion of these mushrooms can cause anxiety, depression, disorientation and difficulty in distinguishing between fantasy and reality. Prolonged psychotic reactions may occur, and latent psychosis may be triggered.¹ There is a danger of confusing psychedelic mushrooms with other deadly varieties.² "Magic mushrooms" sold in the street may be look-alikes. These are often commercial mushrooms that have been spiked with lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), phencyclidine (PCP) or other possibly dangerous drugs.

NATURE AND USE

The chemical psilocybin is found in over 75 different species of mushrooms. These species belong to three genera: *Psilocybe*, *Panaeolus* and *Conocybe*. These genera should not be confused with other fungi, such as *Amanita muscaria* and *Amanita pantherina*, which derive their psychoactive effects from muscimol, an alkaloid that may be physically dangerous at high doses.³ Appearing in a wide variety of shapes, sizes and potencies, psilocybin-containing mushrooms can be found in most parts of the world. Fifteen species have been identified in the Pacific Northwest.¹

Although the ritualistic use of these mushrooms has been tentatively traced back as far as 1000 B.C. in Mexico,⁴ and has continued in secret, these mushrooms were considered a myth by Western orthodox medicine until they were "rediscovered" in the mid-1950s. At that time, they were being used by the Oaxacan Indians.

The rediscovery of psilocybin preceded the spread of psychedelic drug use in the

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

United States by a few years. In the early '60s, experimenters made pilgrimages to the highlands of Mexico to partake in magic-mushroom ceremonies. Mycology, the study of mushrooms, became popular, and mycologists discovered that psychedelic mushrooms could be found just about anywhere. Today, several guides and handbooks exist,^{5,6} and growing kits with mushroom spores and instructions are available at headshops in some states.

A derivative of tryptamine, psilocybin is converted, when ingested, to psilocin, which is also present in the mushrooms. Both are classified as "indole" hallucinogens and are similar to both LSD and serotonin, an internal neurotransmitter, or "chemical messenger," that affects many central nervous system functions.⁷ These drugs probably work by stimulation of serotonin receptor sites in the brain.

The effects of psilocybin are roughly similar to those of LSD, peyote and mescaline, but are often considered more gentle than these. Although dosage varies between mushroom types, general potency is about 200 times less than LSD. Tolerance develops rapidly and there is cross-tolerance with LSD and mescaline. Effects are usually apparent within a half-hour and may last from four to eight hours.

Effects depend greatly on the setting and the attitude of the consumer. In addition to complex cognitive changes

(altered states of consciousness), most psilocybin users report changes in sight, hearing, taste and touch. Colors may seem brighter; closed-eye visual patterns are likely. Sounds can appear richer, and a "crossing of senses" (seeing sounds and hearing colors, for instance) may occur.⁸ Except at very high doses, the user is usually aware that these are drug effects and is not threatened by them. In fact, users may feel an overwhelming sense of lightness and a sense that all is essentially right with them and the universe. Andrew Weil attributes "lunar" energy to the drug and all mushrooms, and warns of a "dark side."⁹ Unlike LSD, psilocybin does not produce a postexperience energy letdown.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Psilocybin can cause anxiety, depression, disorientation and disassociation with reality, especially at excessive dosages, or as a result of fear of the drug's effects, or in response to inappropriate settings such as rock concerts. Prolonged psychotic reactions are rare, and usually occur where psychological problems already exist. Toxicity is about 2,000 times the normally effective dose. Problems have developed from adolescents using psilocybin as part of a polydrug abuse pattern. Mixing with alcohol is not a good idea; nor is driving or operating machinery, chopping wood, etc., while high.

FIRST-AID PLUS

For adverse reactions, a "talk-down" similar to that used for LSD bad trips is effective. Talk-downs should be supportive, nonjudgmental and comforting. In extreme cases, minor tranquilizers such as Librium® or Valium® have been used. External stimulation should be limited, and the individual should lie down and relax. Some mushroom species thought to be poisonous do resemble some psilocybin mushrooms: If someone eats the wrong mushroom, he or she should be taken to an emergency room or poison center with a sample of the mushroom, if possible. The staff should be aware that large doses of atropine (long a treatment for mushroom poisoning) can potentiate the effects of muscimol and do damage rather than help.² □

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She apologizes and leads us, sock-footed, into a room located somewhere between the Tigris and the Euphrates. On the ceiling, clouds hover in a peaceful sky. Palm trees reflect in smoked-glass mirrors. Under our feet, a carpet the color and give of bleached white sand. Deep beneath the carpet, the rumble of several New York City subway lines. On the walls are pictures of father and Sean. There's a white upright in the corner. A chambered nautilus Tiffany lamp rests on a presidential-size Princess Isis desk. Either item could feed a family of four for about 20 years.

The money thing again. The money thing will not go away. Elvis could squander, and who cares how much Rod Stewart or even the Paul McCartneys spend, but John Lennon and Yoko Ono—well, they were supposed to be different. Maybe they were supposed to give it all away. Imagine no possessions and all that. Whatever the reason, when it comes to the money, a barrier goes up between Yoko Ono and the world and neither sees the other clearly.

And there are so many barriers. What's it like to pay the cost of 10 Tiffany lamps a year for eight-foot moonlight from the NYPD? What's it like to be hounded for more than 10 years by the hostile government of a country you happen to want to live in? (Pat Nixon, it is said, despised Yoko with that particular brand of racist-inspired California vengeance.) And what's it like to have your husband die in your arms?

Whatever the impediments, one thing is perfectly clear: Yoko Ono wants to be understood. She wants to talk about "delicate differences." The following condensed transcript from an interview with Bob Fass, John Kalish and Cathie Revland is an attempt to squeeze through

the barriers to some rock 'n' roll grokery. The conversation was taped on the evening of December 8, 1982, and broadcast that same night on "Radio Unnameable" over WBAI-FM in New York City.

YOKO ONO: Once every ten years or whatever we go through some panic, you know, in the society itself. And I'm old enough to remember the 1950s or whatever, when suddenly there's a panic in America,

and everybody's building shelters and sort of hoarding canned goods. Where are those shelters now? And the only thing that is dangerous is that we panic, because I think the world is what we make of it, and the world is a result of our dreams. The dream makes the world.

We first project it, and then the world is made. And, for instance, our human race, we dreamed about [Intake of breath,

almost a sigh] flying. We wanted to fly. Now we can fly. We dreamed about expeditions, exploring, you know, exploring out, not I mean inwardly, but outwardly, and there are many stories of islands and what not. Now we don't have those stories because all the islands are discovered.

There was a dream about going to the moon, you know. Always the moon was in poetry, what's it like there. And there's always a

YOKO ONO

Dragon Lady or Lady Madonna? A Candid Conversation with One of the World's Most Controversial Women.

by Bob Fass and Cathie Revland



Annie Leibovitz/Contact

sort of balance, you know. Some destruction, some construction. But now we're coming to the point where maybe the destructive force might end the whole thing. Well, that's how we're feeling it.

The other side is that John and I said in 1980, "the '80s are going to be beautiful, starting over," and I still think that stands. **B.F. and C.R.:** We live in a world now where Irwin Corey said that the cost of one battleship is more than Jerry Lewis has raised in all the years that he's been trying to raise money for muscular dystrophy. So imagine if they had bought one less battleship and spent the money to cure muscular dystrophy, we would never have had to hear of Jerry Lewis.

YOKO: Well, that is typical masculine logic. The reason is because by saying that, you're projecting the society's wrong. I don't believe in that.

B.F. and C.R.: You don't believe that things are going in an insane direction?

YOKO: I don't believe that money is what cures people. I think it goes deeper than that. Well, this is the amount of money we're using. We don't have the money and therefore we can't do this—

B.F. and C.R.: But it can save lives. You don't think that money can save lives?

YOKO: I think that we were here before monetary systems. And I think that trusting too much in monetary systems—and a lot of socialists do that too, because—

B.F. and C.R.: Are you a socialist?

YOKO: No, I'm not saying that—

B.F. and C.R.: Was John?

YOKO: Look, we were just people, all right. But what I'm saying is that some

people are concerned about society—let's put it that way—and they feel that they could do something about it, you know. Really concerned about people. They start to fall into a trap of thinking that if we only had money we can do this or do that. And the money is used badly. Now, that's one way of thinking, but I really don't think that that is the basic issue.

B.F. and C.R.: I mean, we have a refrigerator and there's a container of milk in the refrigerator. Now you can either use that milk to throw against the wall, or you can make breakfast for a child with it.

YOKO: So?

B.F. and C.R.: We live in a country where trillions are being spent for weapons of destruction, whether or not they're used, the resources are not being spent for people. When I hear your music, when I read the lyrics of your songs, John's songs, I see a fierce commitment to human use of human resources and human needs being more important than money.

YOKO: Exactly. That's what I'm saying.

B.F. and C.R.: But money is a fact. It's real, it kills people—

YOKO: Oh, really. We are more real and more of a fact than money.

B.F. and C.R.: True—but—

YOKO: And I think that by attacking the people who are misusing money, somehow we fall into the same trap of—

B.F. and C.R.: How should money be used?

YOKO: Wait a second. Why don't you focus your attention and energy on something other than money?

B.F. and C.R.: Most of my energy is focused on something other than money

because I don't have any. **YOKO:** Good. But we are talking about money now. **B.F. and C.R.:** But it's inescapable, because everyone in the world, whether it's true or not, thinks that you are very powerful because you have money.

YOKO: I don't think that is my main power. I hope people don't think that, and if some people think that that's my main power, that is their understanding and their problem and it doesn't matter to me. But at the same time I think that my power comes first. Rather than the power of the money.

B.F. and C.R.: Well, you have money because you have answered people's needs. John had money because he saved people's lives with his music.

YOKO: So? But it's the music that saved, not the money.

B.F. and C.R.: That's right, but then again there are people who are dying for want of a simple operation, or who are blind around the world because they can't afford an operation that costs pennies now, and there are things that could be done if the resources of the world were used with human needs paramount. **YOKO:** That way of doing it is fine too. I'm not attacking that. Okay?

B.F. and C.R.: No, I'm thinking of that whole wonderful vibe that was in all of those albums that made such an impact on everyone's souls—

YOKO: Well, those songs were not made out of money, those songs were made... directly from human emotion.

Instead of saying we are spending so much money on a ship and rather than using the money for this or that, if we just kept on doing something that is

positive and creative, hopefully all of us will just be ignoring all the negatives and just keep on doing all we can do, that is positive, those negative things will lose a function and eventually disappear.

I just saw on TV a program about this new method of saving retarded children, when they're born they have this method, which was in effect, in a very early stage you catch it, in a sense of just sort of giving stimulation, a lot of stimulation, sort of almost like an amount of stimulation that you think you shouldn't give an infant, you know. Shaking or patting.

B.F. and C.R.: Patterning it's called.

YOKO: Yes. And it's *marvelous*. Because of that, some children suddenly grow into, because he's stimulated enough or she's stimulated enough, somehow they're very alert and they sort of saved themselves from the fate of whatever the doctors said they're going into. And that's all of us.

B.F. and C.R.: Right. Retarded!

YOKO: Now for instance people come to me and say, "What can we do then?"

"What are we going to do?" I say, "What do you mean

we're ready to do something." And I was thinking, well, I have to be practical about this. The first thing I said when we did the bed in, and they'd come and say, "What's the solution?" is to say, "We're not the ones. You're the ones." Which still stands.

I do not feel that I am particularly more powerful than any of you. I think we are all very powerful beings, there's no reason why I should tell you what to do.

And I just sort of had a

flash of all of us sort of basically sitting at home these days, because if you are an old lady or whatever, you think twice about going around the corner . . . Now if the truth may be told, people say, "What kind of life do you lead?" Well, my life is very simple. I'm mainly sort of I don't want to use the word "stuck" . . . I am mainly in my apartment. Other than that, I may go to the studio to make something. I feel very thankful if it's a beautiful day and I can walk in the park. Luckily, I can afford security guards, but maybe on the other hand the amount of pressure and attention I'm getting justifies that. It's sort of like the same kind of situation. So I am with you, I am living in the same city.

B.F. and C.R.: Was there ever a time when you thought about not living? About wanting not to be alive?

YOKO: Well, we all go through that too, probably I went through that when after what happened, you know what happened. I said well, look we had a good scene, do I not want to go on? I mean, I've seen everything, and I've done everything, and what's the point? And then I saw these two large dark eyes, sort of staring at me. This little being called Sean, my son.

B.F. and C.R.: You have a daughter too.

YOKO: Yes, well I don't see my daughter, as you know that's a long story.

B.F. and C.R.: Perhaps people would like to know about that.

YOKO: Oh [Almost sing-song recitation]. . . well, you do know that my daughter was kidnapped by my ex-husband and I haven't seen her and she's going on nineteen and I . . . I wish she's happy, whatever she

is doing. But anyway so here's my son looking at me intently. And I think, oh well, I cannot make him an orphan. I have to survive. I have to stay alive and I have to protect him and I have to make sure he's all right. It's a genuine emotion, no reason, no logic. And that kept me alive. And of course you might say, as a human being you owe it to yourself to live and what about that but in a moment of thinking what's the point of living, that was the one that sort of held me there. . . that was the one that woke me up you know?

Some people said, "Look, you know, you showed strength after what happened, and sort of well, it's incredible." I don't see it that way. I see it as a human conditioning. For some reason, I was put in a condition or situation where I was acting that way. Maybe for survival. Survival is not a term that you can use only for a situation like starving and this and that, you know. There's survival on this level too. So what I'm trying to say is some of us are feeling like this is doomsday, the end of the world, et cetera.

I don't think like that. I feel that this world is extremely young. We wanted to explore violence. The limits of violence, how far we can go. It's almost like, a symbol of how much power we have. Violence was a mystery that we wanted to explore. Now we did to the point that we know that the mystery's over, we can even kill the universe, thank you.

John and I quite often felt that we know it all, and well, what-else-is-there-to-know kind of attitude. and then *bam*, last year I had to face why? The big



why in my life.

I was moving to an area that has no reference point. I couldn't ask anybody about it because nobody had that kind of experience before. And, I realized at my age . . . [Laughs] that I don't know anything.

[Laughs more] And there's a lot to learn, so I'm just thinking that's how it is with the world. I'm not comparing myself with the world but really world is us in us. The world is us and us is the world.

B.F. and C.R.: What do you think of Nancy and Ronald Reagan?

YOKO: Okay. I think you're being very naive. I think that if you could dispense your responsibility, blame it all on Reagan, or something like that, you're a happy person. I couldn't see myself that way. And my feeling is that he's only a person too, and he's doing

probably his best.

B.F. and C.R.: I have a whole list of people that I would like to ask you about.

YOKO: No, no, no—

B.F. and C.R.: I don't believe that you don't have a reaction to certain public figures or public images, just as people hear your music and they have an image, a dream, they dream of you. I would like to know the dream that you dream of Ronald Reagan or Bob Dylan.

YOKO: I don't dream about specifics.

B.F. and C.R.: Do you think of them when they make statements, when they put art into the world? Don't you form an opinion?

YOKO: I'm jumping right to the future. I'm smiling to the future and the future's smiling back to me. There's beautiful rainbows all over the place and there's a beautiful world, a beautiful



Giles Lar a nCon ac

peaceful world, with green, and the sky's blue, and everything is so clear, the air is clear, and we're all smiling and there's a very delicate but very definite communication between us, without using too many words or whatever... and the kind of world where there's no government because we don't need it really. But I'm not an anarchist, I'm not saying that

Now, you are maybe making a detour by filing your mind with all these names, and what about them, and what are they doing—let them do whatever they want

B.F. and C.R.: I'd like to ask you how you felt about J. Edgar Hoover making it almost impossible for John and you to pursue your life in this country.

YOKO: If J. Edgar Hoover was the only person who

made it impossible for us to stay in this country, then that logic stands. That is naive. I don't think that's reality at all, if you really look into it. For instance, for this peace march I wanted to order a plane to go in the sky and write "Imagine"—okay? That was my contribution. So I called, and this marvelous person who usually does "Happy Birthday" to John or whatever, very nice, the minute my assistant said we'd like "Imagine" in the sky, he said, "We don't deal in any political or controversial or dangerous statements."

If you said to Reagan, for instance, Mr. Reagan, "Do you think that 'Imagine' is a dangerous word and do you think you're going to punish this person who did this in the sky," he probably would laugh. "Well, 'Imagine,' that's a good

slogan, imagine four more years." But what I'm saying is this guy presupposing what the authorities might think, what the people might think—we're too scared. Now Edgar Hoover himself, just one person, could not have done that to us. It was the other people who were afraid what he would want, or maybe cater to the way that he might think. Many innocent people who are frightened and therefore who presuppose what the world should be or what they should be doing. It has nothing to do with what they're thinking, or reality at all. And that is the danger I don't think one person did us in

B.F. and C.R.: I think it was the climate, and it was a fear. It was fear of your power, fear of the way people loved you. In the *Playboy* interview, I see John saying, this is not a quote, I'm sorry but he said all the world hates lovers.

YOKO: [Long pause and a sigh] There's that too, probably. But anyway, the reason why they hate it is because they're afraid of that reality, they're suspicious of that reality. They are afraid that they may not be able to have it. If they only knew, that we were just part of them. And what we did for each other, made it possible for us to do something for other people.

B.F. and C.R.: Well, you've just gone into a studio and spent months putting an album of songs together—you call it a play. An air play.

YOKO: Yes, hopefully.

B.F. and C.R.: And this is a statement that you're making about your part of the human experience.

YOKO: Well, I was trying not to make a statement. It's all right, it's more like a prayer to me.

B.F. and C.R.: I think we're

looking for "signs of wonder amidst the signs of doom," and so I'm grateful for the album.

YOKO: Also, the other thing is very strange things happened, when I was making this song, *I see rainbows*. And nobody knew that I was making a song, just the studio people. But somehow, lots of letters—because I gets lots of letters these days, which is very nice, thank you, thank you, thank you—but any way... these letters had rainbows in it.

B.F. and C.R.: It's funny because when I first looked at the album, and I saw "It's Alright," I thought what does that mean? And I said it a few times to myself and then finally I said, oh it's all right. It isn't a grandiose statement—

YOKO: Well, yes. See, I'll tell you why, because this summer while I was making a record, there was some sort of frightening sideshows going on in my life, where I felt totally panicked. So I thought to myself, I better change this. Turn it around. Change the channel. I started writing what I am thankful about.

What do I have to be thankful about? Oh, yes, I'm healthy, Sean's healthy and we're together, thank you, thank you. I kept doing that and still... this little sort of cold feeling in my tummy or whatever. And then I thought, oh, well, my security blanket, which is the piano. I went to the piano, rushed to it's all right it's all right, just like a prayer.

B.F. and C.R.: I think your openness and your vulnerability is part of what makes you so wonderful. You've spent practically your whole life trying to wrench yourself open. You spoke about the guilt in this society.

YOKO: Which I share

B.F. and C.R.: Which you share, and even recognizing the fact that we are guilty is a tremendous contribution that you make.

YOKO: We're not guilty, but we *feel* guilty.

B.F. and C.R.: An artist is an important kind of human being—

YOKO: We're all artists. Part of us which is the artist, somehow in this society they have this feeling that artists are parasites or whatever. But we are like the trees in the park you see. You think it's nothing, so you want to just cut all the trees and build a condominium or something. Once you do that, then you miss the trees.

B.F. and C.R.: In Brazil they're clearing enormous forests because they want to build roads. But twenty percent of the oxygen in the world is generated by the greenery in South America. The artists may seem, to some, to be a useless, nonproductive element of society. But the artists help us to—

YOKO: I said about the war memorial, it's good that because soldiers are people, and they were victims of the society, and it is very important that we recognize that and we pay respect to what they did.

But also may I report to you that there's a Peace Day, and right now some people are trying to ask the United Nations to approve of it. It just so happens to be my husband's birthday, but that is not the thing that is said up front, which is nice too in a way. It happens to be October 9th. But some people are thinking that every country has a War Memorial Day, why not a Peace Day as well? And, a few countries are starting to agree, and starting to try to do that. And my feeling is not to knock the War Memorial Day and have the Peace Day. No, we coexist. That's the idea. The

yin and yang. And if we can allow that to happen, if we're going to say we cannot allow the War Memorial Day, they can say we cannot allow the Peace Day.

B.F. and C.R.: It's more likely that they will say that.

YOKO: No, well, that is presupposing here. If you went to war, maybe you're the first person who wants peace.

B.F. and C.R.: Yes, of course. But, militarists are not known for their dedication to peace.

YOKO: That is another label, just like they call some people peaceniks or hippies or whatever. You're calling them militarists.

B.F. and C.R.: I would say that Alexander Haig is a militarist. Then that's a label that fits.

YOKO: Oh, I don't know that.

B.F. and C.R.: I would say that George Bush believes in the CIA.

YOKO: There was a time—I think you're being naive—because there was a time, when I was a dragon lady and that was accepted. Some people... do become dragon lady because they're called dragon lady. They might just be at the verge of being something else, and you call them militarists, they're going to be militarists. You are creating a militarist by stating that. He is many things, whoever you said. He might be a father, he might be a husband. He might be a little boy who remembers about his mother dearly, et cetera, et cetera. His heart is ticking—it's the same heartbeat as yours.

B.F. and C.R.: What would it be like for you if you were a young person coming into New York as a musician, as an artist today? Where would you put your energies?

YOKO: In my work

B.F. and C.R.: Do you think your work would be the same? Because your experience is so... different and unique. You are Yoko Ono. People believe that you are a god.

YOKO: [She laughs] I can only say that I would say please listen to yourselves, that's where the answer is. And nobody else can give you the answer. Now, instinctively... and instinct is something so precious that we have ignored so much of it... We're starting to say, no, I am not right, my instinct is not right, what they say on the TV's right, or whatever. And I say to people who send me letters saying "What was John like? Are these things that are said about John, terrible things said about John, are they true?" or this and that. I say to them, "You've got his words, you've got his songs, you hear his voice, what you hear from that... trust that."

B.F. and C.R.: Can you say something about the individual songs on the album... each of the songs.

YOKO: Oh. Well, basically, I'll just give you the overall, because each song probably means something different to each person. It's like my diary that I went through... last year, this year... and it's like I'm thinking about my man you know, a love song to John... *Never say goodbye*... loneliness, tomorrow it'll come, hold me or whatever... all that different emotions... that a human being goes through and I'm just saying, hey, I've got the same kind of emotions that you've probably got too, and here I am saying hello, you know. And that's the nice side... Around December 8th or whatever, I was feeling really heavy and feeling sort of down, you know and then, side two, it's all

right... it's very important I thought, to me, it's *important*

it was Sean who says, "Wake up, wake up, mommy." Like an angel that came and said, "Wake up!" "Oh, yes, I know, I know, don't worry, I know it... oh, what time is it?" 8:36, oh! Okay! And it's... this is the day that starts and then I'm saying, Okay, it's all right is it? Wake up and dream love, and let the tears dry and I see rainbows. And sort of I'm saying all that. In result of Sean waking me up, see? But to say that well I went through the same thing and then my child woke me up and I had to get my act together.

B.F. and C.R.: Just one final question. How's Sean?

YOKO: Oh, it's a very difficult question to answer. One part of me wants to immediately say he's fine, he's very strong and he's very sort of together person... but the same thing, I'm sure, a lot of people have said about me, and I know that I have the vulnerable side... which I tend to hide or whatever, and he has the tendency, even though he's sort of... I know he still cries about his daddy because other people report to me about it. He never does that in front of me. It's a bit sort of protecting me from that side and acting like a man in the family. You know. [Laughs] But I think that because this is the only reality he knows and the reality he knows is something that is so different from my childhood, or John's childhood, so that there's no way of knowing what it's like. But at the same time, there's no way of him knowing what it would be like otherwise. That's his only reality. So I'm just... to him, he's just coping with life and I'm just praying that it'll be good. □

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

A journey to the flagship cities of the Continent:
Radical (and not so radical) politics and culture in Paris and Berlin
by William Levy

Paris—Recalled To Life

"Complicity in vice, remember this, is the real Holy Alliance in Paris."

—Balzac, *Cousin Bette*

There are few things better in this world than waking up in Paris to the feeling of having your cock sucked. Claire does this, like other things, well. We've known each other for 15 years and have been lovers on and off for most of that time. Claire is a successful Parisian photographer specializing in modern dance and theater. Right now her teeth are gently dancing on the head of my cock, her right hand theatrically squeezing my balls. Céline warned us not to trust gods or men who don't dance. Whether or not that's true, he is right about his preference for making love to women dancers. Claire swings her small muscular body on top of me. Sixty-nine. Taut as a bowstring. Then *twang!* By the time we recover from our orgasms it is 10:30, and unless I hurry I will be late for my eleven o'clock appointment at *Libération*.

Libération (9 rue Christiani) is a unique newspaper. Colloquially called *Libé*, it is a national radical daily with a circulation of 90 thousand, one third in Paris and the rest throughout France and the French-speaking parts of the Arab and African world. Sports as well as politics and culture are given full and intelligent attention. In a time when daily newspapers are folding like fading fashions or secret shames, *Libé* goes from strength to strength. Like so many things in contemporary Paris, it began after the upheavals of May '68. In the early days it was extreme Maoist, and avoided prosecution only because Sartre allowed his name to be used on the masthead and sold it on the street: under French law they would have had to bust him along with everyone else.

The pressroom is a smaller version of any big-city paper, save for the surreal juxtaposition of Reagan and Samuel Beckett photographs pinned up on the wall. The first person I speak with is the agitprop editor.

Edouard Waintrop, a slim blond with a gentle, professorial manner and ironical blue eyes, tells me: "We are not so



Illustrations • Georges Dauphin

underground. Or rather we are no longer underground. In the beginning the staff was ill-paid, led a difficult life. Now we have a better paper and are better paid. For better or worse *Libé* is very accepted, has a good reputation and is credible to the most cynical audience, other journalists. Also, we have very few adverts, so we have not the problems of other papers."

In today's 36-page issue there's less than a page of advertisements. In other numbers I've seen one page only placed in a way to make them almost invisible. "What were your scoops?" I ask.

"A few months ago it was our correspondent who found the mass graves of Kenchela where French settlers had massacred villagers during the Algerian War of Independence. All the other newspapers had to write about it as 'according to *Libération*...' Then a couple of years ago we broke the Hama massacres in Syria where the army killed twenty thousand of its own peo-

ple. Some of the staff here were afraid after we published that story. Others said that's the way Syrians resolve their own problem. And this week we revealed that 700 million francs are missing from the city of Paris. Of course, we're anti-Chirac. We give critical support to Mitterrand."

"Oh, you're Socialist, then?" I ask.

Edouard smiles. "After a fashion," he answers. "Of the one hundred forty people working here, all are of the Left, or extreme Left. There are no more Marxists, but all are supporters of the Third World. Many are close to Michel Foucault. I consider myself of the Left-liberal tendency. Years ago I was a Communist. I was sixteen in May '68. For me it was a big teenage party. But the big problem on the paper now is about supporting the PLO. Big fights! Personally I'm not for the PLO, but in the minority. There's the killings. Now it's Italy, so we are relaxed." This is a few days after someone machine-gunned a

bar mitzvah in Rome, killing a two-year-old child. "But," he continues, "two months ago in France it was different." On Monday, August 9, several men entered Jo Goldenberg's restaurant and proceeded to machine-gun the premises. Six people were killed and 22 wounded.

Still speaking about foreign affairs, Edouard says: "Everyone is against the Russian intervention in Afghanistan, but it is difficult to report."

"Is *Libé* more united on domestic policy?"

"The new government is a little more relaxed. Too close to the Communists. And have made many mistakes. But I'm not surprised or disappointed. Socialism, but not this!"

"If not this, what?"

"Maybe there's an answer, but we have to find it little by little." Then, as if on cue, Edouard expresses a sentiment that defines an essential difference between the European and the American. He says: "It is difficult to say goodbye to history."

Taking some papers from his desk, Edouard shows me what's going into tomorrow's "Initiatives" column. They include items on housing, football, unemployment, yoga, Solidarity, immigrants, high-school actions, gays, neighborhoods and devolution. An article about a new cereal replacement for soy.

"You see," he explains, "no big changes. Just people organizing themselves for human rights and little things, not big ideas."

About 10 paces across the room I see Serge Daney, *Libé* film critic and well-known internationally for his writing in *Cahiers du Cinema*. Near where he's standing is a poster announcing the fifth cinema festival for "Arménien, Kirghize, Georgie and Bretagne" films.

"I heard you're very critical of this government's cultural policy. What do you think," I ask, "of Jack Lang's statement in Mexico City—where he said his job as minister of culture was to protect France from American cultural imperialism?"

"My favorite filmmaker is Godard, but I very much like American films, so don't like Lang's idea of cultural imperialism." Serge Daney looks as if he came out of central casting, the intensely charming French intellectual for an imaginary film called *The Good European*, the real thing. I had pressed the right button. He continues a bantering yet vituperative monologue.

"The cultural policy has all the drawbacks of the traditional Left. We, coming from the extreme Left, are sur-

prised by it. Like showing Abel Gance's *Napoleon in maisons de culture* rather than the Tuileries. Making something political of it. Not in Paris, but touring the provinces.

"And they are aggressive about French cinema abroad. Chauvinists abroad don't create culture, only a big canvas. They take for granted people want more culture. The people are refusing culture because it has become more and more obscure.

"Regis Debray, former comrade of Che Guevara and now official consular to Mitterrand. We attack him! Rear guard. A psychic capitalist. He is interested in little more than power.

"Another symptom of the disastrous cultural policy is its competitiveness. A kind of revenge. Everyone knows Orson Welles can't get a dollar for a film in Hollywood, so the government invites him here and gives him the Medal of Honor. As if to show up America where he is ignored. But they don't give him money to make a film. Also, since Jack Lang came from the theater, he fears and despises television. They want to protect themselves from it. They are dedicated to one form, deprived of passion.

"We live under a reign of go betweens. Socialism freezes everything because they have ideas about everything. Everything recycled and revived. The people's culture is transistor radios and motor bikes. Rock music, an international way to say 'No!'"

Serge Daney pauses, reflects, then offers an analysis.

"It's strange," he says. "Usually every ten years there was something. The Resistance. The Colonial Wars. May '68. And now nothing. No radicalism here, maybe ten years ago. Susan Sontag deceives her readers to protect her income."

A bit staggered, I riposte sarcastically. "That's what I told them in the New York office. But you know, 'Made in France' sells rags in America."

"You should be writing," he says confidently, "why there's no radicalism in Paris!"

Metro from Barbès-Rochecouart to Les Halles, and Claire and I go to a high-ceiling mirror-lined Brasserie on Boulevard de Sebastopol. The sky is that perfect silver gray that attracts painters to this city. And the smell of chestnuts roasting fills the air. After a light lunch we return to her flat around the corner. A woman from *Actuel* comes by to pick up photographs. The dance critic from *Nouvel Observateur* arrives to see and buy photos of his dancer boyfriend.

Claire's gallery phones to make arrangements for her exhibition. I excuse myself and go for a walk. Buy a pack of Gitanes Filtre. When I return, Claire's son is visiting.

More than many, François is your quintessential child of the zeitgeist. His parents broke up in the '60s. Part of the breakup involved his father taking him to be brought up in a Maoist commune. Claire met a man and went to live with him in West Africa for a number of years. Then François was brought up by his grandmother who was widowed when her husband, a Communist, went out shopping in 1944 and was never seen again. François is almost 20, works as a part-time long-distance operator, has his own flat, a girlfriend, a motorbike and is preparing to study architecture. He is tall, attractive and surprisingly mature, poised.

Right now François is in the kitchen. He is drying out his homegrown grass in a saucepan on top of the stove.

"Claire," he says about his mother who is sitting at the table opening a bottle of wine. "Claire told me you were at the office of *Libé* this morning."

"Yeah. I wasn't sympathetic with everything they said. But they were exactly the kind of people you would want to have dinner with. Do you read their newspaper?"

"*Libé* used to be acid," François says, shaking the saucepan. "Now it's not much fun to read anymore. I'm not an extremist, but I was doing some actions with the Autonomes. Breaking the system. You know the capitalist system. Against the computer system. Cutting electricity and phone lines. That sort of thing. The basic idea is *autogestionnaire*, self-management. The basic tactics are against police and against control. When Mitterrand won we thought it wouldn't be good to do actions. We had such a long time with *le droit*. But the Socialists have had more than a chance. Now I think a movement will start again!"

Over dinner, wine and joints, François talks about his first visit to America last summer. An example of self-management.

"I made a hundred dollars a day selling ice cream on Santa Monica beach. Buy it for eighteen cents and sell it for seventy-five cents, sometimes for a few puffs on a pipe."

Claire teases him, saying how they must have loved his cute French accent. Although a cliché, I still ask: "Did you like the States?"

"Not really," he says. "Los Angeles is too concerned about money. My big

criticism about America is not paying attention to politics and thinking or analysis. Too superficial. I guess there are some people there who are interesting, but I didn't meet them

"If you like, I can introduce you to someone from *Action Directe*," says François, abruptly removing himself from America and placing his interest in Europe

"*Action Directe*?" I query

"Yes. What the press calls 'terrorists'!"

François leaves. While I'm taking a bath, Claire comes in, kneels down and places a glass of wine on the ledge

"François is a good son," she says.

"When I was on holiday in the Ardèche he drove down on his motorcycle to bring me something to smoke"

When I come out of the bath, Claire slips her hand under the towel and jerks me off. After a most agreeable conversation about art, life and old friends, she takes off her clothes and we go upstairs to the loft bed where we make hungry love which leaves me with a bleeding six-inch scratch on my back. Then Claire scurries around, dressing, packing, and rushes off to catch a night train to Abbeville to photograph a theater group tomorrow.

Wake up alone in the flat and make some phone calls to old Paris hands. The first to G., French director of a Geneva-based company with the dodgy name Business International.

"Before the election people said 'With Mitterrand there will be a revolution,'" he tells me. "When he got elected people said, 'It is the revolution. The French have a populist need to elect a king every few years. This summer, though, the government did a total *volte face*. They couldn't hold off the money-market speculators. Now they're tightening the garrot, in line with the rest of the West. Supply-side economics and Reaganomics. No real sense of participation here. Just a sense of appreciation. The big news is that the champagne *récolte* is the best one this century"

The next call is to J., a professor at the University of Paris.

"Do you think I should try to interview the minister of free time?" I ask "Sounds like Hail Freedom!"

"Oh, no. The Socialist government reduced everyone's work week one hour. Then created a ministry to deal with this hour. All they seem to have done is put up posters in the Metro showing French people at play—swimming, playing tennis, golf, et cetera. You can't sit down though on the benches

below the posters. The space is taken up with sleeping junkies using their dogs as pillows. It all seems like a public-relations stunt. The article about him in *Time* alone was worth his salary. Anyway, he's never in"

Rain. Walking on the rue St. Denis. Everywhere you see "retro" this and "retro" that. Serge Daney might be right about "recycled and revived" culture. The French are even retro about being retro. Recall Wyndham Lewis's manifesto from *Blast*: "Oh blast France/pig plagiarism/belly/slippers/poodle temper/bad music/sentimental Gallic gush/sensationalism/fussiness/Parisian parochialism"

The headline of *France Soir* reads: THE BOMB OF THE LYCÉE CARNOT WAS DONE BY ACTION DIRECTE. A poster in a café window announces a French production of Michael McClure's *Beard*. A worthwhile project. But 13 years ago I published an interview I made with McClure when he was in London for the opening of that same play. Even then it was a revival. At Chatelet another poster announcing a Festival Autonome. I stop. Read names like Bob Wilson, Meredith Monk, Richard Foreman, Robert Ashley. Not very autonomous. They just hired the package from Art Services in New York and gave the events a fashionably daring name.

Strolling upriver along the Seine, I turn left and punch my way into the narrow winding streets of the Marais, the oldest Jewish quarter in Paris. Walking on the sidewalk here with one's back against the shop fronts is no protection against being hit by a car. Hidden somewhere in this quarter is the Betar, a victory or death group formed after the bombing of a Jewish school. They are armed with Czech weapons captured in The Lebanon. Aha. Here it is. The rendezvous address François gave me where I could meet with his friend in *Action Directe*.

After walking up six flights of stairs I find myself sitting at a small kitchen table. François's grass plant is growing next to the courtyard window. His friend Roland tells me about the cosmogony of *Action Directe*. "Although it began in France when De Gaulle jailed political prisoners, *Action Directe* is part of an international group of armed and dangerous radicals," he brags. "When Prig Anticht, a Spanish anarchist, killed a policeman in 1972 and was sentenced to be garroted, there was a solidarity campaign of bombing. And the director of a Spanish bank in Paris was kidnapped. Then in 1977 over 70,000 people gathered together in Bologna. *Action*

"Orson Welles can't get a dollar for a film in Hollywood so the French invite him here and give him the Medal of Honor. But they don't give him money to make a film."

Directe, Brigade Rosso, GARI (A), that's Group Action Revolutionary Internationalist, not forgetting the Anarchist A in a circle. And others. Most of us were influenced by Antonio Negri who is now on trial in Italy for crimes against the state

"Let's say Negri said: Keynes's theory of state settles modern capitalism including trade unions. He sees the state in crisis. National planning doesn't work. And there is no Left party for radical change. Now they have adapted a Leninist lifestyle."

"What's that?" I blurt out. "Living with two women?"

Roland laughs and actually blushes.

"Well, not exactly," he says. "They turned to Leninism for practical reasons. Organizational structure."

A transistor radio on the table is tuned to Radio Libéraire, 89.5 FM, an anarchist radio station located at the Library about 200 meters from where we are sitting. This is one of the dozens of pirate radio stations started since Mitterrand took power and allowed public access to the airwaves.

"I like this station," François says. "It doesn't have fake discussions like the others. They just say, 'This sucks!'"

Abstract theory about human nature makes me uncomfortable also. I switch the conversation to the personal. "What do you feel are the problems of the modern age?" I ask Roland.

"The problem nowadays is there is no political movement. Politically delinquent, an empty period. Yet I don't want to work eight hours a day and live in the suburbs. Such a lack of future. The basic idea is no more *salariat*. People say we should organize ourselves and then we'll see. People read Sartre and Foucault. André Glucksman, an ex-Maoist, writes now that communism leads to the Gulag. Bernard-Henry Lévy is merely a closet filled with suits. You know, in France nothing is as important as a writer. But all the writers now say, 'I criticize,' but don't have any answers."

François brings a pot of tea to the table. Roland notices me looking curiously at his large lips, an anomalous feature on a face with otherwise lean features.

"I'm half Algerian," he says, answering my silent question. "I was born in Brittany."

François pours the tea and says, "Roland! Tell him about the action at the Wax Museum."

"Yes. We did it for publicity, to draw attention to political prisoners. I was with thirty others. We broke into the Wax Museum. There was a bit of fight-

"You are not permitted to enter Berlin, capital of the DDR!"



ing, but not much. We stole the wax statue of Mitterrand. Then hid it. On October 17, 1981, a Saturday, during the big antinuclear demonstration, it was given back. We carried it at the head of the column, then threw it on the steps of the Palace of Justice. A bit burnt. Those are the magical rebellions I believe can work. As a consequence, all political prisoners concerned received amnesty. "You see," he tells me, leaning forward, "I have abandoned my contacts now with *Action Directe* because they are infiltrated and have their own function as a part of state repression. For me the solution to the armed struggle leads to suicide. Not everyone thinks so. Not on the Left, or on the Right."

"That's interesting! Tell me about the radical Right." Often one learns most about an organism's strongest features from its opponents.

Says Roland: "There's the new intellectual Right called Group for Research of European Civilization. A popular book of that group is Pierre Debray-Ritzen's *Lettre ouverte aux parents*. . . He concludes the working class can't have intelligent children. This is not class, he says, but biology.

"Then, after the Socialists won, whole crates of arms were moving into dangerous hands. After all, De Gaulle's private army, the SAC, was maintained under Pompidou and Giscard, and sacked when Mitterrand came to power. I don't see the Right staying quiet much longer. They are not amused by Communists in government.

"And on the Left, a lot of people feel they got fooled. Something is bound to happen. It's a pressure cooker.

Later, riding through Paris on the back of François's Honda 250, I muse. It seems as if there are manufacturers already stockpiling Mitterrand memorial souvenirs. Everyone has got him in their gunsights. Although he is doing nothing radical, and because he is doing nothing radical, no one will be surprised if Mitterrand goes down in a storm of bullets, like Allende. Past the Beaubourg. François drops me off in front of Claire's flat. Yes, a good son. He brings his mother hash and lovers. Then goes off. *Broom. Broom. Broom.*

Claire has returned from Abbeville. She is lying on the living-room floor in front of the heater reading a book. As I bend down to kiss her she whispers:

"Do you want to bugger me?"

Nude and upstairs on the loft bed four hands arrange two pillows under her hips. Claire throws her legs over her head, grasps the beams of the ceiling with her toes. I moisten her ass with my tongue. With one hand Claire spreads her ass cheeks. With the other she guides my cock to the rim of her rectum then plants "kisses" on it by a controlled flexing of the sphincter muscles, like a small mouth, a nethermouth.

Feeling the rhythm, I wait until the release beat and move forward. We grunt.

"There's a bullet hole in my body, she says.

Tears come to my eyes. Claire shudders. Aha. Uhuh. Aha. Uhuh. Aha. Uhuh. Aha. Uhuh. My back stiffens. I scream. Come. Claire holds me inside with her muscles and I squeal with each spasm. Then, *ploop!*

The next morning we go out for coffee and croissants. On a terrace there's a group of what appears to be radical youth. At any rate, one of them is wearing an old black leather jacket with THEATER OF HATE written on it.

"Let's sit down next to them," I say. "We can listen to their conversation."

We order our *petit déjeuner*. As soon as I hear them talk I realize they are Dutch.

Claire is delighted. "Mais, oui!" she says. "In Paris we import our radicals."

Berlin: The Golden Thread

"The Land belongs to France and Russia, The Sea belongs to Britain, But we reserve an unchallenged dominion In the Universe of Dreams."

—Heine, Germany. *A Winter Fairytale*

"Der Wagen der rollt, bup bup bup, der Wagen der rollt, die jagen nach Gold, bup bup bup" blasts from the Walkman into my ears as the car rolls along the flat Prussian plains. Thin white birch trees and pockets of fog punctuate the 110-mile no-exit autobahn through the Deutscher Demokratische Republik. Eastward ho!

Europe committed suicide. That's the main historical truth of the 20th century. Berlin is the most dramatic relic of this verdict.

Both Hitler and Lenin saw Berlin as the capital of a single central political institution destined to bring about a pacification of the world through terror. Destroyed and divided by having welcomed the embraces of low consorts, it is now set into the center of a continent like the fourth dimension, a

geopolitical E.T., a looking-glass world.

Early in the morning I present myself at the law offices of Otto Schily. He is a star. For his spirited and controversial defense of Gundrun Ensslin, a leader of the Baader-Meinhof group, at the Red Army Faction trials at Stammheim, for his role as spokesman for Alternative Liste, the Berlin Greens, for his recent visit to Libya where Colonel Qaddafi received him in a tent and they discussed "*Ideen in der Praxis*"—Otto Schily is the bogeyman of the straight press and a middleman between radicals and their struggle against decadent reality. I have no appointment and I'm half prepared to be thrown out.

"Mr. Schily is involved in a trial in Cologne," the secretary says. "But I can let you speak with his partner, Nicholas Becker."

"Mr. Schily likes to give interviews," his partner tells me on the phone. "However, he is in West Germany right now." I note his careful use of words: officially, West Berlin is not part of the Federal Republic, or West Germany. Indeed, there are certain conditions under which Berlin exists. It can be part of neither the East nor the West.

After introducing myself I explain what I want and end nervously with something about an "opportunity to speak with a million young Americans."

Nicholas Becker replies: "It is not your sincerity that is in question. We have seen the German edition of your book advertised in the satirical magazine *Titanic*..."

A long stagey pause. Yes? Yes? I think "...and I would like to invite you to dinner with my wife and I. Tonight. At seven-thirty. Can you come?"

"Sure. I'll see you then." It's an offer I can't refuse.

Kept alive by subsidies, Berlin specializes in international cultural extravaganzas. *Zeitgeist* is the event everyone is talking about this season. It's a monster collection of modern tendencies in painting and sculpture, i.e., dream kitsch, symbolism and folklore.

The Martin Gropius Bau—a Wilhelmine building designed by the uncle of Walter who founded the Bauhaus—stands alone amidst rubble next to the Wall. The facade is full of bullet holes. Inside this grand three-story building is made-to-order work from Penck, Salomé, Chia Clemente and all the Italians, Kiefer, Schnabel, Warhol and Beuys, of course, and even Frank Stella, who just got out of minimalism in time. You name them, they're there. One very nice painting by Jorge Immershoff, *Café Deutschland IV*, shows a bar

interior divided by barbed wire. In the background a crowd is drinking. One of the men in the foreground is carrying a large rock. If artists are the legislators of the future then this exhibit promises us—at worst—a rewind of all avant-garderies and—at best—an unspeakable mythic despair. The exhibit makes a lasting impression on me; and to that extent it is artful.

Suddenly I get one of those flashes where reality and illusion merge. I am on the second floor of the building. From out of the window one can see over the Wall into East Berlin. Men on green bicycles patrol with automatic rifles slung over their shoulders, large hand-guns on their hips. The Wall itself is covered with graffiti. Such gems as: DEATH PENALTY FOR THOSE WHO GIVE OR OBEY ORDERS FOR NUCLEAR ATTACK, EAST OR WEST and SCOTLAND FOREVER and KARMA: WHAT YOU THINK OR DO COMES BACK TO YOU and REAGAN. GO BACK TO YOUR CADDLES [sic].

When I leave I see a sign in the empty lot next to the building in Russian, German, French and English. It reads: YOU ARE STANDING ON THE GROUNDS OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE GESTAPO. I take a piss on the ground. My art action.

Moving away from the Wall, I pass over the Landswehr Canal where over 60 years ago Rosa Luxemburg was murdered. Some say her spirit can still be seen hovering above the still, dark water. Then, down the Grossbeerenstr. to number 50, Scheissladen.

This is one of the centers of the new music scene. Scheissladen, or Shit Shop, is an independent record store: it stocks music produced only by the musicians themselves. Judging from the amount of self-produced cassettes and records, it is an active scene. On the walls there are posters for Aggressive Rock Productions offering the public LPs from Slime, Yankees Raus and Daily Terror. Another group of united artists from Spandau offer a sampler of Soylent Grün, Dreidimensional, Mob and Leer. I speak with Norbert, the founder and owner, a genial spaced-out lad wearing a 1962 brown suit and silver wire-rimmed glasses. We go into the back room which serves as his kitchen and bedroom.

"Berlin is the cultural capital of Germany in everything," he says. "It's like a magnet for young people, specially because of its political situation. It's the only place in all Germany without conscription."

"Tell me about the Neue Deutscher Welle," I ask. "In the past few years it's taken pop music by storm!"

Norbert hands me a chipped ceramic mug of instant coffee. "Well, yes," he says and explains. "At first the music was a copy of English and American. In the English language. In 1977 punk came Everywhere, and in Germany too. The German groups got more confidence. Although there were groups like Ton Scheibe Scherben—they were doing political verse since 1970. But the Neue Deutscher Welle begins with Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft and Feh! Farben. And the Ideals, they made their first record themselves, in one thousand copies, and it was sold out in two weeks. In fact, all the groups started as independents. Der Plan has refused to go with record companies. They are very popular. And the split came with Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft when they signed a contract. Two of them left the group. The bass player to Feh! Farben. The guitar player to Mau-Mau. Tempo had a contract with Polydor, then went back to self-produced. Einstürzende Neubauten [The Collapsing New Buildings] began as self-tapers making their own cassettes, now they are number one in Berlin, in Germany, in Europe. Tomorrow the North Pole. Interzone sings the poems of Wolf Wondratschek. Slime is more concrete political. Songs about police and demonstrations. The texts of the other groups are about sex and drugs and all situations of life."

"Are there any new exciting groups coming up?" I ask.

Norbert goes out front and returns with a record. "This!" he says. "It's by Die Tödliche Doris [The Deadly Doris]. They just flew off this morning to play in Paris, to be the supporting act for Einstürzende Neubauten at the Festival Autonome. It's their first LP and it was banned. They are three in the group. Men play bass and accordion and a woman plays drums and violin." He puts it on the record player. The first side is like a noisy radio play describing seven accidents at home, in horrifically explicit detail. On the other side they sing: "Better no heart than a heart of paprika."

The language of prophecy and absurdity as a world view. For the last few years young Germans have been composing soundtracks for *Metropolis* and *Der Golem*. Weimar here we come!

"But the Neue Deutscher Welle Norbert tells me sadly, "is in a transition period. People are confused about what to play or listen to—especially after its unexpected enormous success."

Trio is the case in point. Three musicians living quietly in a small town near

Hannover. They made a single called "Da da da I don't love you/You don't love me aha aha aha." Isolated artists, they printed their address and telephone number on the record sleeve hoping someone out there would respond. The song became a smash hit. It was last summer's Central European youth anthem. I heard it from the back streets of Vienna to land communes in Bavaria. It sold over 600,000 copies. Their phone didn't stop ringing 24 hours a day. So they had to disconnect it and move to another house.

It's already dark when I leave the Scheissladen and drive toward my dinner appointment. Just as I'm about to turn left in front of Schloss Charlottenburg, I see a sea of white bright light. Oh, yes, Mrs. Thatcher is in town and they are taking her sightseeing. Earlier, she was at the Wall denouncing dictatorships and otherwise farting in the wind.

The lawyer Nicholas Becker has an American Jewish wife. She has been working for the magazine *Transatlantik* and is now undergoing a novel. About "the States," she says. A black woman refugee from Cape Town lives in the flat and looks after their small daughter. My attention is called to their cups and saucers made by Third World political prisoners. It is made clear that Nicholas Becker himself has made the dinner. And he serves it. In short, the whole chemistry of radical respectability. Nevertheless, he is not without paradox.

In his mid 30s, his boyish good looks and curly reddish blond hair are offset by a deeply suspicious nature. And with reason. As a lawyer involved in the Baader-Meinhof trials—at one point—he was not allowed to see his client. Then legislation was passed that made the suspension of the right of lawyers to visit their clients permissible for a limited time under special circumstances. Now even his audacious thrillers about revolutionary jail breaks are calculated indiscretions. Wasn't it Adolf Hitler who said: "The only people I would permit to fight duels would be priests and lawyers."

Over a ravioli and retsina dinner he relates the following:

"One of my clients asked me to bring them a television set in prison. I went to deliver it at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. Leaving it with the guard for inspection, I visited with my client. After awhile I went out again to see if the television set had been cleared. I saw someone struggling with the guard. It was a woman—if you think women have long hair. There were others with submachine guns. I realized it was a

prison break and I dived out of the way while they were shooting. Later I was tried as a conspirator in the break. The court was curious about why I visited my client at such an odd hour. They said my going in and out was some sort of signal. The only reason I wasn't convicted is because a prison guard testified that I had jumped in front of him and thus prevented him getting shot. I don't remember this. But I'm glad he did."

After dinner we are left alone. I ask about the Green Party as a third force in German politics: transcending evil capitalism and unpalatable Marxism. Advocate Becker is rather cynical, calling them "opportunistic, vegetarian, Protestant." He believes they have lost their momentum. Although they will get in parliament with little more than 5 percent of the vote, he believes, they will fall apart after the national elections in March when the Christian Democrats are returned with an absolute majority.

"When they are accused of being a one-issue party, the Greens reply: 'Environmental protection is not incompatible with a healthy economy,'" he says, sneering.

I suggest: "Most third parties are hungry to be in government. The Greens seem to want to make Germany ungovernable. In that way are they not an expression of extraparliamentary opposition in a parliamentary context?"

"A coalition," he agrees, "does not seem possible. The Socialists can't give up their commitment to NATO and nuclear weapons without falling apart. The Greens can't compromise on this."

"Do you think that anything short of war can change the Yalta agreement dividing Europe into Russian and American spheres of influence?"

"I speak English better than Otto Schily," he says. "So often I've acted as a translator for his interviews. I can tell you what he says: 'We are against all blocks.'"

Ja, ja. I'm against man-eating sharks too." My turn to sneer. Completely unsatisfied with his answer I persist. "Don't you think it's strange that both the American and Russian gangsters have kept an agreement even this long? And why? It's as if Europe lives under a Pax Yalta."

"Maybe it's like the Mafia," he answers slowly, with the wry smile of a poker player unwilling to reveal his cards. "They stay out of each other's territory. Anyway, I think Russia and America have a sentimental feeling for Europe. You know Quiche Lorraine and all that."

I wish I could believe it. Seeing I'm getting nowhere, I allow myself to be interrogated, figuring I'll find out more about lawyers by what questions they ask, rather than what they answer. Nicholas Becker wants to know what part of Europe my family comes from, where I was brought up, what my parents do, where I went to school and how I live. Class questions. Most especially, and at great length, he wants to know what I feel about being a Jew. He asserts that in America and in Israel the general Jewish concern for liberal causes is a phase whose time has passed. Why, I wonder, is he so concerned with trivializing history? Is he avoiding my questions? Is he curious about this issue? Or is he merely sassing me out?

"Did Andreas Baader, Gundrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe commit suicide? Or were they murdered?" I ask finally.

"Of course, I wasn't allowed to see them for three weeks before they died. But I had the feeling they didn't agree with the Mogadishu skyjacking and didn't want to be freed in that way. Yes, they could have killed themselves. For me, that first group had the most imaginative critique of society. And had the most legitimate grievances. They were people brought up strictly as Protestants. At a certain point in their lives they discovered what had happened in their parents' generation. Essentially they wanted a de-nazification of West Germany and an end to foreign occupation."

On the drive to visit East Berlin, the squatted buildings in Kreuzberg and elsewhere are a welcome sight in the otherwise somber, steely urban landscape. Squatting, like new-wave music, is almost synonymous with Berlin as an expression of the opposition to bourgeois hypocrisy, the search for sincerity, the love for the extreme, the direct, the primitive. The buildings are completely covered with words; bed sheets hang from windows with carefully worded manifestos, poems and slogans. When I see YANKEES RAUS I don't know anymore if they want the Americans out or if it's publicity for the music group. Probably both. Last year's bumper sticker: ATOMISCHE KRAFT, NEIN DANKE has been replaced with the less friendly ALLES LUGE (Everything Is Lies) and the more nihilistic ALLES VERBOTEN (Everything Is Forbidden).

Checkpoint Charlie is a tonally inert area, the mirror between wonderlands. I don't get any further. The police search my shoulder bag and find copies

of my book *Natural Jewboy*, and *HIGH TIMES*, with my story about the Amsterdam drug scene. After an hour's wait an officer comes to the car, hands back the publications and announces, "You are not permitted to enter Berlin, capital of the DDR!" Banned in East Berlin.

I've been thrown out of better places. And I have other things to do.

"I love to dance," she says. Waltraud is 18 years old.

Her mother, Ursula, was a photo model, and when we met many years ago in Munich she ran a kind of headshop-boutique. In the mid-'70s Ursula had a breakdown and discovered she could go to a very expensive Sufi camp and have the government pay the bill only if she was a drug addict. So she said she was. Phoned the father and asked him to take Waltraud for a few months. When Ursula finished her course, the father wouldn't return Waltraud. He went to court. Said she was an unfit mother, used the paper Ursula signed saying she was a drug addict against her. But the story has a happy ending. Ursula went back to school and became a midwife. Moved to Vienna, remarried, had another child and now lives on a farm in a wild and beautiful part of Austria, near the Czech border. Last summer I was there to help out with their first harvest.

Waltraud and I are sitting in her father's flat in Berlin. She looks like those girls who were forever being pushed in front of cameras during the Third Reich. She is tall and full-bodied, with silvery blond hair, a tiny nose, blue eyes, rosy cheeks and high cheekbones.

"My father" she says, "spends the summer in Sardinia renting out his sailboat. So I was brought up by my father's girlfriend. She is also my friend. It is difficult for her to be both friend and authority. At one point my father got paranoid. He thought we would plan things against him. I would like to go back to Munich once and go to the places where I was. But I've been in Berlin for almost ten years now. I can say: *Ich bin ein Berliner*."

"Do you go to school?" I ask.

"I'm doing my examinations now, graduate—I hope—at Christmas. But I don't want to go to university; then you are still a pupil. I am thinking of becoming an apprentice carpenter."

Waltraud continues, ironically making fun of new-wave music squatters, police and parents. The Berliner was, and remains, pristinely self-indulgent.

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"Berlin is very conservative. You know what Lenin said about us: 'If German radicals want to storm a platform, they first buy a ticket.'"

RAIDERS OF THE LOST GOLD PART V by "R"

Myron's Club Polynesian Towne, where cocaine is cheap and the decor is in unbelievably bad taste. Fate has brought "R" to this polyestered den of nouveau iniquity; fate and a couple of sadistic, gun-toting G-men. But who brought the dwarf in the leisure suit with the dreadlocks and pharmaceutical quaaludes?

The story so far
Could HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade still be alive? That was the shocking question confronting "R," Forcade's old friend and cannabis-connoisseur protégé, at the conclusion of our last episode. Could Forcade have faked his death in order to rebuild the Brotherhood, the legendary international psychedelic smuggling empire that rose and fell in the '70s? That was the theory two menacing narcs have posed to "R" in a strange confrontation over onion rolls at Wolfie's restaurant in Miami Beach.

"R" had flown down to Miami, that Casablanca of the contemporary coke and weed trade, when a mysterious woman in New York hinted that the true story of Forcade's 1978 suicide might only be found in "Chateau Forcade," the palatial Prohibition-era Miami waterfront mansion that served as the nerve center of Forcade's smuggling operations at the height of the Colombian gold rush of the '70s. The intrepid Connoisseur finds a seductive and treacherous Palm Beach pot party girl named Susannah residing in the mansion, and finds himself lured into a trap she's set for him with the feds. Threatening him with a hideous fate, the feds try to convince "R" to lead them to the born-again Brotherhood and the mysterious Mr Big they claim is a reborn Forcade.

(Needless to say, all characters herein are fictional and have not the slightest resemblance to any smugglers living or dead. Even "R" doesn't have the slightest resemblance to himself. Only Forcade is real. Strange. Mythic. But real.)

We headed north on A1A. North toward Lansky land. That strip of causeway along the coast between North Miami and Hollywood, Florida. The honky-tonk freeway of the patriarchs of the Jewish Mafia, that strip of neon-mantled motels, nefarious nightclubs, sleazy supper clubs with their back-room gaming action, each one poised and waiting to spring into full-blown sleazy casinos as soon as they could bribe enough Florida legislators into legalizing gambling.

"Uh just where are we heading?" I asked my two captors in the front seat as we sped by the gaudy glare of the Castaways, that Taj Mahal of the North Hollywood honky-tonks, the one that was once rumored to be under the personal supervision of an heir to the Jewish godfather, Lansky.

"We're going to a nice place," said Nackerman. "We know you're gonna like it. We hear the room service is fantastic. All the best people there too. I think you're gonna enjoy getting to know them," he said with a sinister smile. "Don't you agree, colonel?"

The colonel, as usual, said nothing. You could see he didn't approve of the garish jungle of schlocko supper clubs, raunchy roadhouses and ship joints we were passing through as the sun went down and the traffic on the causeway thickened.

Come on," I said. "What's the big secret about this place?"

"No secret. It's a very well known

place," Nackerman said. "Some people think it's notorious. Do you have the reading material for him, colonel we're almost there."

I thought I heard the sound of a switchblade opening. But it was only the colonel's high-tech military intelligence briefcase. He drew out two documents, handling them as if they were war plans.

First thing you do, 'R,' when you check in, is familiarize yourself with these documents and the persons mentioned therein," Nackerman ordered me. "These are the people you're going to be looking for. These are the people who are gonna lead you to Forcade. So study them carefully."

"Will there be a quiz?" I asked.

"Very funny, wise guy," Nackerman snarled. "But if you want to know the truth, yes, there's gonna be a quiz. If you don't lead us to Forcade, there's gonna be at least one kind of quiz. From one of our task force grand juries, for one thing."

"What's the other kind of quiz?"

"Coroner's jury. They'll want to know the exact cause of your death when they find your remains after the Cubans feed you to the sharks when we tell them you're an informer. Probably have to have several coroner's juries till they find the many pieces once belonged to a single body. So, do your homework, 'R.' Don't worry, we'll be watching. We have our people in this hole too."



The car stopped on the causeway and I saw my destination across the road. I took the documents the colonel handed me and got out. Well, this was gonna be interesting. Myron's Club Polynesia Towne.

It had to be one of the single most ugly, garish, vulgar, sleazy facades ever erected by human hands. Even on A1A, where things are supposed to be ugly and garish, this place shone with a radiant obnoxiousness, a transcendental sleaziness that only mob money would dare to commit.

Myron's Club Polynesia Towne. Even the name was ugly. Contrived, they say, after two of the original partners had a bloody shoot-out over whether it would be Club Polynesia or Polynesia Towne. Either way it was sinfully ugly. How ugly? Well, do you know the Castaways out there on A1A? Well, Club Polynesia Towne was so ugly it made the Castaways seem like a tastefully landscaped monastery by comparison.

Do you like giant neon hula girls twitching spastically at a pace precisely calculated to syncopate synaptic transmissions, and thereby guarantee epileptic seizures in those who gaze on them for more than a few seconds? Then you'd love Myron's Club Polynesia Towne. Do you like neon outrigger canoes paddling like bats out of hell through the polluted smog, kicking up waves of fibrillating neon ripples? Myron's is the place for you.

Do you like sordid intrigue, cutthroat coke dealers, cutthroat coke whores with hips like razor blades? Do you like cut throats? Do you like schlocky thatched huts featuring sooty polyester thatch on the outside—each one of which can usually be depended on to house all of the seven deadly sins in addition to the seven deadly drugs, the six deadly weapons and the five mean coke dealers in white suits.

And speaking of white suits, do you *sincerely* like white suits? Cream colored, off-white, eggshell white, egg white and other off-colors? Do you like deadly weapons poorly concealed by the cheap linings of white suits? You've come to the right place. You've come to Myron's Club Polynesia Towne. I've come to the right place, I thought to myself as I shook off a neon-induced brain spasm in the parking lot and staggered into the lobby in search of the registration desk.

I'd never seen such a collection of sinister-looking dudes. It wasn't just the men in white suits, the women in white suits—it was the *men in women's white suits*. The transvestite Cuban boat peo-

ple have found a nook for their weirdness with wealthy old Southern gays who rendezvous with them in Myron's Club Polynesia Towne.

Then there were the women dressed as women. Sleek coke-run stewardesses wearing the chic uniforms of South American airlines and looking flushed with the relief of having just removed thick coke-filled condoms from their sweet young things.

As you probably are aware, they were originally going to call *Casablanca*, *Everybody Comes to Rick's*. And if they were making a movie about the murky intrigues that swirl through modern

"Greetings, mon," the dwarf rasped, looking like a leering vision of a 'luded out Lautrec.

Miami, they'd probably have to call it *Everybody Comes to Myron's*. The original Myron was a smart guy for a short while. He went around North Miami and Broward County claiming to be a nephew of Meyer Lansky at a time when the late great Jewish gangster godfather was conveniently off in Israel. Then, unexpectedly, Lansky got himself deported and ended up back in Miami in a condo on Collins Avenue. One day it's reported he walked into Myron's, took one look at the decor and walked out. The original Myron had tried to make himself part of the decor while his putative uncle inspected the place. Some said when he disappeared the next week that he had become part of the decor, that you can see him—a shadow of himself—if you look hard enough, embedded in the concrete at the deep end of the new swimming pool they put up when they tore down his plush manager's cottage. Some say

there's still a contract out on his decorator.

Anyway, you have to pass through the Myron memorial swimming-pool area on the way from the registration desk to your individual thatched Polynesia cottage unit, and what a hot erotic scene that swimming pool is at night. I've always found hotel swimming pools in the tropics to be the ultimate in sleazy romantic ambience, with the underwater lights flickering in the palms, the murmur of voices, the slap of little wavelets lapping against the pool side, hands slapping at mosquitoes, flesh slapping against flesh. The clink of glasses against cheap iron pool furniture in the darkness always gives me goosebumps—call me a pervert, I don't care. But the nighttime pool side scene at Myron's Club Polynesia Towne has an extra sinister twist to it—contacts being made, contracts being taken out, uncovered women and undercover characters slithering around, bribes being paid with money, drugs and flesh. And mixed with the subdued sound of the musical laughs of the stewardesses and the coke pilot crews were the persistent sounds of *little sniffs*, little clearings of the sinuses from the congestion caused by the ingestion of uncut mother-of-pearl Peruvian. It made everything a little more animated, a little more melodramatic, a little more mean and dangerous. Imagine if all the people in Rick's Cafe in *Casablanca* had been speeded up, say from 33½ to 45 RPM. It made things a little frantic, a little scary.

I was surprised there weren't more people eyeing me suspiciously as I followed my bellhop along the fringe of the pool area. Then I realized why they weren't eyeing me closely. They were eyeing my bellhop and her thigh-slit Club Polynesia Towne silk bellhoppette sarong. In fact, I was eyeing her so carefully myself, I tripped over the dwarf who suddenly materialized in my path.

He was a three-foot-high guy in—yes, of course—a white suit that looked incongruous with his full, bushy, Rasta dreadlocks. A weird sight indeed.

"Greetings, mon," the dwarf rasped up at me, looking like a leering version of a 'luded-out Lautrec, in his natty suit and his natty dreadlocks.

"Greetings, kind sir," he hissed. "I got the Thai weed, I got the 'ludes, I got the Peruvian pure, accept no substitutes. I got kind ladies, and handsome gentlemen. I throw the hot party for you tonight, no?"

He hopped around and rubbed his hands as he pronounced the words "hot

party," and he made obscene grasping motions in the general direction of the thigh-slit of my bellhoppette's sarong.

"Uh, let me get back to you after I check with my people," I told the dwarf. In Miami, as in Beverly Hills and other major centers of dealing, it's always a good rule to give the impression that "your people" are not far away and that they're in constant protective touch with you, even if you don't have any people. That way, even if you don't look dangerous or important (as I certainly didn't), you put that extra little bit of caution in the minds of certain people that you just might be certain *genuinely* dangerous people's people.

My thatched cottage wasn't really the choicest one. It was located right under the flashing and buzzing feet of a giant neon hula dancer, and her spazzed-out twitchings blinked on and off in my "little piece of paradise" (as the slogan on all of Myron's Polynesia junk assured you). It began to occur to me that this bellhop was a little piece of paradise unto herself. Even in the evil red glare of the giant hula creature her skin was that beautiful honey and cocoa-butter tan that native Florida beach girls develop along with bewitching dustings of freckles and sun-bleached locks that flash like the gold of the Seven Lost Cities whose fabled gleam first drew the buccaneers to Florida.

Where was I? My bellhoppette. She was leaving.

"Will you be needing anything else this evening, sir?" she asked sweetly. "Would you be needing, for instance, some dynamite weed, genuine quays, a little blow with a glow?" (Have you ever noticed that guys call them "ludes" and women call them "quays"? Or is it Southern women? Someone should investigate this important question.) But back to the other important question: weed, 'ludes or coke?

"I'll take all three as soon as possible," I told her. "And, by the way, do you arrange parties or do I have to go to the dwarf?"

"It depends on what kind of party, sir."

Well, first bring me the drugs and then I'll consult with my people."

While I was waiting for Maribeth (for such was my bellhoppette's name) to return with a cornucopia of euphoria, I decided to take a hot bath and start scanning two official-looking documents the colonel had slipped me, and which he and Nackerman the prosecutor were so eager for me to study as I waited for whoever or whatever was going to contact me.

I'd had a hard day, I thought to myself as I started filling the thatched bathtub in my hut (only kidding about the thatch). No question about it, I needed to relax. I needed to figure things out. Just who was manipulating me for what purpose? Was it that mysterious woman back in New York who'd invited me for the deluxe cannabis tasting, and thrown out the hints about the death of Forcade and the fate of the Lost Load that had sent me down to Miami in the first place? Who was she anyway? How close had she been to Forcade? She certainly had a genuine remnant of that miraculous Santa Marta gold grass that Forcade had, in which



he, so the legend goes, cornered the market during the last hectic, fevered days of the Colombian gold rush.

I lit up my last joint of that fabulous vintage stuff as I stepped into the tub. Whew! Fine reefer. Exhilarating. Just the right thing for an overview of the strange events that brought me to this sleazo, sinister place. Now, what about Susannah and her narc friends. Had that elegant New York lady with the champagne of cannabis taste known what she was getting me into? Had she known that the irresistibly seductive little tease Susannah would set me up for a spear-gunning in her hot tub?

Was I making a mistake letting this little piece of paradise bellhoppette provide me with illegal party favors? How did I know what she and that damned dwarf were cooking up?

Well, fuck it, I thought to myself as the steaming water began to drain away the tension, and the incompar-

able gold reefer began to soar to Santa Marta altitudes. There just comes a certain point where it just doesn't matter anymore, and you might just as well indulge in every temptation that comes your way. I had the feeling a number of people had plans for me and I was the only one who didn't know what they were. The only way to figure them out was to lunge for every piece of, uh, bait that was thrown in my path. Call it investigative decadence. I liked that. Investigative decadence. Maybe I'd found my calling in life at last.

So there I was, a half-hour later, still up to my neck in hot water, but even more deeply immersed in the amazing documents the feds had forced me into studying. Incredible material. Up till now the Brotherhood had been a kind of counterculture myth, the Knights Templar of the visionary drug trade. The psychedelic secret society. The Brotherhood of the Assassins in Spinrad's *Agent of Chaos*. The order of the golden dawn and other such stuff. Much whispered about, much speculated about. But did it exist?

Those who talk, don't know. Those who know, don't talk

Such was the cryptic message an alleged source close to the Brotherhood had once printed in *HIGH TIMES*. That's all. *Those who talk, don't know. Those who know, don't talk*

But the document I held in my hot soapy hand talked A lot. The people who wrote it pretended to know a lot about the Brotherhood. And maybe they did. But that wasn't so important as who it was talking here. The Opposition. The Law. The Man. He was not merely talking about the Brotherhood. He was raving about the Brotherhood. He took it very seriously.

The now-damp document I held in my hand was an official-looking book of transcribed testimony and staff reports published by the U.S. Government Printing Office on behalf of the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee.

It was entitled,

HASHISH SMUGGLING
AND

PASSPORT FRAUD
"The Brotherhood of Eternal Love"

HEARING
before the

SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE
THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE
INTERNAL SECURITY ACT AND
OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
Ninety-Third Congress

First Session

October 3, 1973

But for all its formal trappings, this

product of the notorious witch-hunting internal security subcommittee had the spicy flavor and feverish intensity of a bizarre global thriller featuring vast, many-continented conspiracies, huge sums of money and drugs, visionary idealism, mercenary cynicism, tragedy and betrayal. Even the ordinarily dry, prepared testimony of the narcs who'd looked into the Brotherhood couldn't help breaking out into awestruck rhapsodies into the magnitude of the Brotherhood empire.

"This is one of the most fascinating investigations of recent years," the staff report began. "The evolution of the drug-trafficking activities of the members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love is a tragic illustration of the cynicism into which the youthful drug revolution of the mid '60s has fallen."

Imagine, federal narcs nostalgic for the idealistic drug-taking of the '60s. But they're very into the larger dimensions of the story, these Senate staffers.

The Brotherhood of Eternal Love, they continue, "has combined a mystical fanaticism with criminal activities... a recently emerged form of organized crime totally different from our past notions in terms of membership, motivations, lifestyles and drugs of preference... at its peak no less than 750 of its members had been positively identified as participants in criminal activities that spanned the globe. The Brotherhood according to the IRS must have made something over \$200 million in its illicit operations... They achieved complete international mobility."

But not only were they profitable, according to the Senate report, they also liked to party.

"From its inception, intelligence indicates that the group was ceremoniously practicing group sexual freedom in connection with the use of drugs."

But the biggest coup the Brotherhood ever achieved—the one that most deeply reflected the evangelical motive of what the Senate calls their "misguided idealism," the event that came close to changing the history of American consciousness forever—was the Great Orange Sunshine Caper.

The legend was that the high priests of the Brotherhood had decided—presumably after one of the group psychedelic sexual freedom sessions—that acid was too good to sell. They were going to give it away free. And not just any acid. They would summon a summit meeting of the finest acid chemists, acid connoisseurs and psychedelic evangelists, and put their heads together until they created a batch of acid big

enough and wonderful enough to turn the entire human species into a Brotherhood of Love.

When the psychedelic sorcerers and alchemical wizards came down from the summit they brought with them the sacred tablets. Orange sunshine.

Orange sunshine. If you've ever had a taste of that blessed batch, you know. If not, well, that moment is passed. There's probably no point in even trying to parse out the unutterable bliss and benevolence and, well, Brotherhood of Love one felt for the entire species, for all of sentient existence and most of the nonsentient too, for that matter.

What it did was make the ecstatic religious experience ordinarily granted to starving visionaries once every millennium available to the checkout guy at the 7-Eleven. Whether that was a good idea may still be up in the air, but the project was real enough.

"Numerous millions of tablets were made," the Senate report said. "Until the recent enforcement success, this product which has now disappeared entirely was found in quantity all over the world."

Do you understand the hidden drama in that last sentence? The dry language—"the recent enforcement success"—referring to the spectacular downfall of the Brotherhood empire belies the import of the clincher—"disappeared entirely." Behind that sentence the top fed narcs are saying, "Hey, the entire world was hovering on the edge of being transformed by this orange-sunshine stuff, and we barely rescued it from the brink."

And suddenly in early 1973 the Brotherhood was on the run. Multiple busts with multiple hundreds of thousands of orange-sunshine tabs confiscated each time. Clandestine labs broken into, the visionary acid chemists and the high-priests organization driven into jail or exile.

No one ever knew the full story of how it happened, how the bright confederation was scattered into fragments. None of the Brotherhood wanted to admit it, but one of them must have betrayed the secrets of their psychedelic secret society. Some said it was Tom Forcade's old nemesis and one-time tutor—the mysterious Billy, that treacherous friend of Susannah's.

But the Senate report didn't contain a clue. No mention of the great betrayal except in one passage: At its peak the Brotherhood's operations were virtually untouchable. Because of their mobility, no one was really aware of the

extent of their activities. Local authorities could not penetrate the organization's outer wall. Get that—local authorities couldn't. Which meant guess who could.

The fascinating thing about this Senate document was the mug-shot section that followed the staff report.

There were the typical post-office Wanted-poster photos of the top Brotherhood leadership. Not really typical. The men all had long hair and wide eyes of deep-space acid travelers. And the women—all three of them—in the escaped-and-still-wanted section, were stunningly beautiful. Do you remember the astonishingly beautiful, clear-sighted, classically featured Wanted-poster picture the FBI circulated of Bernardine Dohrn, the one that made her the fantasy heroine of all the would-be heavy revvies of the Left during her years underground? (Even she said the men of the Weather Underground put her "on a pedestal.") Well, think of Bernardine without her slightly severe, almost unbearably classical, fierce leather-jacketed good looks. Imagine three acid angels. Their features so radiant, so clear, so full of such reservoirs of love, of compassion, of sensuality and animal warmth... Sorry, got carried away there. Imagine all the usual attractiveness of acid angels and add the provocative sense of mystery of secrets to fathom, of mischief. Imagine... But wait a minute—Was I imagining something, or wasn't Wanted Woman Number Two there very familiar? Something about the eyes. Wasn't that the mysterious nameless woman in New York who got me into all this? What the hell was going on? Let's see who the Senate investigators said she was.

CLARKE, MERRIE MORGAN: 25, heir to banking-family fortune, reputed to have lived with Weather Underground Central Committee member, expelled for "adventurism" after taking part in successful scheme to free TIM LEARY from prison. Seen in Algiers, Kabul, Bangkok after LEARY ploy. Wanted on fugitive warrants, conspiracy to distribute 20 million tablets "orange sunshine" in West Berlin. Wanted by Swiss authorities for banking fraud following breakup of Brotherhood.

And what the fuck was she up to now? Could she and Tom...? But it was too much to believe. As I wiped the soap out of my eyes, I thought, Tom, that rascal, that strange enigmatic dead

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IN LEBANON



KEEPING THE WORLD SAFE FOR...





AT HOME WITH THE JAFFRAS

High Times Visits Lebanon's First Family of Hashish by Michael Kienitz

You had better hide your cameras," the Catholic nun advised me in the back seat of the little service taxi, as the driver slalomed between the potholes and debris in the streets, quite skillfully, heading at breakneck speed out of Beirut for the road to Damascus. "We will be going past a lot of greedy soldiers."

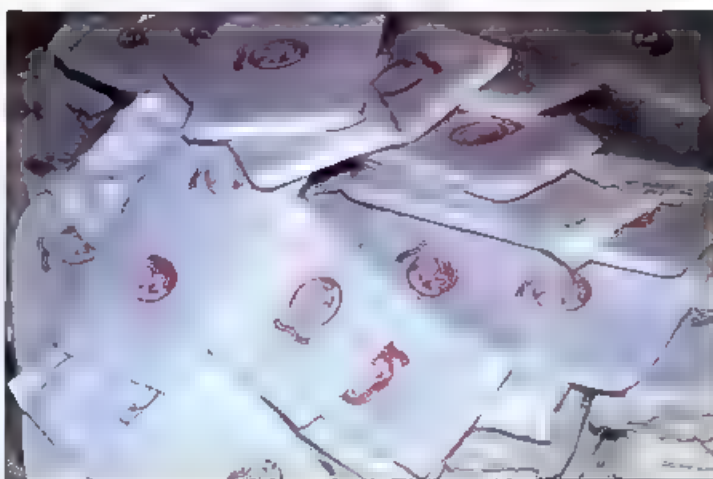
I had been covering the bloody Lebanese war for two weeks, and needing a vacation I decided to go up in the hills to see what this war was doing to the hash trade.

There was not much room to stash a Leica and a Nikon, and strobes, in the tiny Citroen. In the front, besides the chain-smoking driver, was an obese Christian clothing salesman. In the back, flanking me on the other side of the nun, was a silent little old Arab with some sort of obscure, possibly contagious skin disease, his hands tinged red with disinfectant up to his knobby wrists.

The nun was right about the soldiers, they were numerous and avaricious. There was a new checkpoint every single mile, or oftener, on the 15-mile stretch west to Zahlah; each pullulant with troops and ordnance, hung with the crisply calligraphed patriotic banners of a dozen Islamic political parties, and photos of their leaders and martyrs, in gaudy bunting and grim black crepe, respectively. The jowly countenance of Hafez al-Assad predominated, because the Syrians had most of the highways nailed down just then. But Yasir Arafat's weirdly ill-designed features were also prominent, at the PLO checkpoints. The scariest checkpoints of all displayed the glower of the Ayatollah Khomeini; they were manned by the crazy Shi'ite guardsmen who had been flown in by the ayatollah, on C-130 transports made in the good old USA, in a gesture of "Islamic Solidarity" which neither the Syrians nor the PLO appreciated very wholeheartedly. At each overpass, all the soldiers went through the car like so many customs snoops, looking for "contraband," and collected ransom for my cameras each time. Though with the Iranian *fida'i*, I was never quite sure if I was ransoming my cameras from confiscation, or my personal body from a good long stretch in some Persian jail.

Before all this, I'd wondered why no other Yank journalist had bothered to go up and file a story on how the Bekaa hash trade was faring during the hostilities. By the time we finally pulled north out of Zahlah toward Ba'alabakk, I had a pretty good idea.

Ba'alabakk is to hash what Milwaukee is to beer, only it's been in the business for a few thousand gener-



Family Jaffra Hashish Pride of the Bekaa Valley.

ations longer. The international Arab "peace-keeping" force—the thieves who sat on the road checkpoints to collect tolls while the obliteration of Beirut proceeded audibly just over the horizon—was conspicuous by its absence up in Ba'alabakk. Children on errands from home toted AK-47 automatic rifles, whistling, along the sidewalks, and so did little old toothless ladies tending the market stalls in the medieval streets; if you had so much as a dozen oranges for sale in Ba'alabakk, you needed a loaded gun to guard them. The place was also full of pure-blooded Romanian gypsies, for some reason, in their brilliant Pied-Piper outfits, grinning appraisingly at me as I hoisted my camera out of the service taxi, their great gold teeth glittering in the sun. Cameras are worth somewhat more than oranges, even in a war zone, and I was totally unarmed.

The Bekaa opened to the north of the town, flanked by the beautiful Lebanese hills on which the hash-toking old Assassins, for a couple generations during the Crusades, had presided over both war and trade between Frankish Syria and Damascus, 25 miles southeast. More than twice as ancient is the fabulous bleached-stone architecture—it would be wrong to call it "ruins"—of the enormous temples to Bacchus and Jupiter which were put up by Caesar Augustus. (Erich von Daniken says he had help from spacemen, but I really doubt if any spacemen would have shown such a *human* exaltation in religious architecture.) Back then, under the Hellenes, Ba'alabakk was called Heliopolis, City of the Sun, an internationally renowned vacation spa. When the Greeks and Romans left, though, it reverted to its old name, City of Baal; ages before *them* it had been a sacred Phoenecian pilgrimage site, where devotees celebrated God under the influence of all sorts of ritual intoxicants—including, no doubt, *al-Kayf*, the Green One, the splay-fingered plant of peace.

Well, those days are gone for good, or at least for a good while—I had to hustle to get out of Ba'alabakk, because the place was running over with incredibly mutilated cripples demanding baksheesh alms, backing up their implorings with threats of everlasting damnation to the Shaitans of Iblis; and some of them, fresh from Beirut, had AK-47s. What do you call a legless man with a beggar's bowl and a Kalashnikov? Is he a beggar or a brigand?

At the same time, Ba'alabakk was a typical Lebanese town doing business as usual. Lively Syrian music—Ravi Shankar to a dervish tempo, sort of—blared from the mosques, fresh-skinned lamb carcasses hung reeking in



Ba'labakk is to hash what Milwaukee is to beer, only it's been in the business for a few thousand generations longer.

the fly-blown bazaar stalls, and ancient goldsmiths hand-fashioned beautiful jewelry in their ancestral jewelry stalls while their teenage grandsons stood watch with the ubiquitous semiautomatic rifles.

Right on the outskirts of town, as I was looking for a likely inn, a Land-rover pulled up next to me. "Salaam," grinned the driver, a typically mustachioed Lebanese badmash who only *happened* to be wearing a florid snap-buttoned cowboy shirt from either L.L. Bean or Abercrombie & Fitch. Immediately I knew I'd found my man, or at least he'd found me.

"Can you recommend a decent hotel friend?" I asked in formal Arabic.

"Certainly," he replied. "But first you must have coffee at my house."

"Shukran!" Inside the Landrover I hopped.

The preliminaries were brisk enough. He inquired what I did for a living before we exchanged names, and genuinely relished the reply: "I take photos of women in expensive underwear for American fashion magazines, except when there's a good flashy war somewhere. Then I take photos of war." All I had to do then was ask how he made a living.

"I have a business too," he allowed, with just a trace of modest diffidence. "You know hashish."

The house of the Family Jaffra lies well off the main highway out of Ba'labakk, at the end of a deceptively rural dirt track. The house itself, though, screened by cypresses and cedars, palms and fruit trees, is a magnificent old French colonial artifact. It was just before supper, and a numerous collection of men sat on benches in the courtyard out front, around a small charcoal grill, brewing coffee and tea. They were a motley collection, the older ones in traditional Arab *jibbahs* and flowing headdresses, the younger ones in Levi's and polyester. Every single one packed a .45 or a .357 Magnum in ostentatious

leather shoulder slings or hip holsters. Little children played actively but quietly in the yard. Women were absent.

The introductions were a slumgullion of European languages—French, German, Dutch—before I established that I was American, which elicited immoderate surprise. No Yanks, it seems—no journalists, no dope dealers, not even any intelligence agents—had been seen in the Bekaa since a week or so before the Israeli invasion of Tyre and Sidon.

The Family Jaffra was none too well disposed in their minds toward Americans just then, either. It took them more than a little while to decide whether I was extraordinarily courageous or just plain crazy, to come up to the Bekaa during the siege of Beirut. Ultimately they evidently decided that it was a bit of both—which was flattering because by this time I myself had decided it was pure, unleavened insanity—and they warily accepted me. I had no guns, no money, no confidential communications from the spy masters in Langley, Virginia, just six cameras, obviously a crazy *ifrangy* out to get a magazine story on how the current anarchy was affecting the Lebanese hashish industry.

Acceptance did not come immediately. When I whipped out the Leica to get a portrait of a particularly romantic old *shaykh* in a full burnoose, one of the younger men politely placed his hand on mine and asked to peer through the viewfinder at the exact angle I had adopted. He was interested to see whether I was surreptitiously endeavoring to cop a shot of the emerald hillside of *al-kayf*, growing a quarter-mule in the distance behind the old gent. Luckily, the angle I'd chosen omitted the dope.

Next, I had to sit and ritually accept a cup of their thick, muddy, overwhelmingly sweetened Turkish coffee—almost as powerful, in its invigorating way, as their *kayf*. This was a delightfully relieving gesture of Islamic hospitality, and things got even more relaxed when a young man in denims and a Plasticine French sports coat emerged from the Villa Jaffra with the "hubbly bubbly"—the two-foot-high water-cooled brass hash pipe. This was Mustafa, one of the surviving grandsons of the Shaykh al-Jaffra himself, and he carried a chunk of gorgeous blond hashish the dimensions of a billiard ball which he casually dropped into the charcoal barbecue for softening.

Next he plucked it out in well-caloused fingers, and with a handy stiletto shaved curly apple-parings from it into the hubbly-bubbly's burn bowl, and set

Left to right.

Young Lebanese boy hand stamps the final product. The Jaffra Family Seal of Approval changes annually. Last year it was the Star of David—this year's is taken from the American Express logo. Family member wearing the traditional jibbah; worker carrying unpressed bags of hashish.



them alight. When the hose finally got round to me, I inhaled it as you would marijuana smoke, and went directly into a spectacular orchestration of coughs and wheezing—accompanied by bright flashes of phosphores in my retina, as that Bekaa Valley THC illuminated my whole nervous system like the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center.

The thunder in my chest was not only my accelerated heartbeat. It was Mustafa gently patting me on the back while the others made gentle mock of the *ifrangy* who couldn't smoke dope properly.

An immoderately evil-visaged Arab in a coat of many colors, with a huge naked-steel butcher knife, led a shaggy, curl-horned Anes ram across the courtyard to the green palms beneath which the children were playing.

Mustafa took a well-regulated drag from the hookah hose, for demonstra-



Family Jaffra hashish has a rare international reputation and is shipped by the ton all over the world.



tion's sake, and handed it back to me for emulation. "Sometimes," he said easily, as I gently imbibed another dose of Bekaa's *al-kayf*, "when we feel lazy, we just toss it into the fire and inhale the smoke."

A staccato overture of submachine-gun fire—yes, it was submachine-gun fire—racketed from somewhere quite near, just beyond the *kayf*-covered hill past the palms. Though no one seemed to particularly notice it, I became rather anxious, notably so. For Mustafa, after imbibing another dose of Turkish coffee and licking the sugar from his moustache-ends in reverie, explained: "For years now, friend, the bullets have been our music, all over Lebanon"

The gunfire swelled, seeming to come nearer, but no one stirred a hair. "We are Family Jaffra, six thousand strong," Mustafa declaimed, pride in his cobalt, rose-rimmed eyes. "Family

Jaffra has one heart and—," he made a clenched fist, "one hand"

Now the ram was having its throat cut, kneeling forward as the Arab held its horns, dying without a bleat. The children watched as blood splashed all over its pearly wool, onto the thick green grass, and the Arab set into gutting it efficiently. Then it was hung by the legs from a tree and skinned

They did not use a barbecue grill. They dropped the chunks of mutton among the charcoal, and forked it around in a perfunctory way, until the outsides were scorched black, while the insides were still bloody. Then they salted it and dipped it in some many-colored pepper sauce from a tray, and ate it with bare fingers. Obligated to take salt with them, I managed to get down a few bites, with perceptible confusion and trepidation. The meat, and the sauce and pepper, ignited fireworks in

my mouth

The old *shaykh* whose picture I had taken had been sitting quietly by, managing somehow to masticate the bloody mutton with his very few teeth. Now, without looking directly at me, he began growling, whooping, ululating and cursing in Arabic while he ate, spraying sauce and mutton over his ample *jibbah*. When his face presently dissolved into a wrinkled map of absolute hilarity Mustafa—who was belly-laughing with everyone else, including me—clued me in on the joke. This was the Shaykh al-Jaffra himself, and he had been doing an impression of an American Indian, a la Ronald Reagan B-Westerns, in commemoration of his American guest

'Family Jaffra was the first in Lebanon to grow the hashish," Mustafa told me proudly, if rather improbably. "In 1946, a man brought some *kayf* seeds from Turkey. My grandfather sowed

them and irrigated them, and ever since we have made the hashish for export. Now he is retired, and my father and three uncles run the business. Family Jaffra is six thousand strong, with one heart and—" the clenched fist, "one hand"

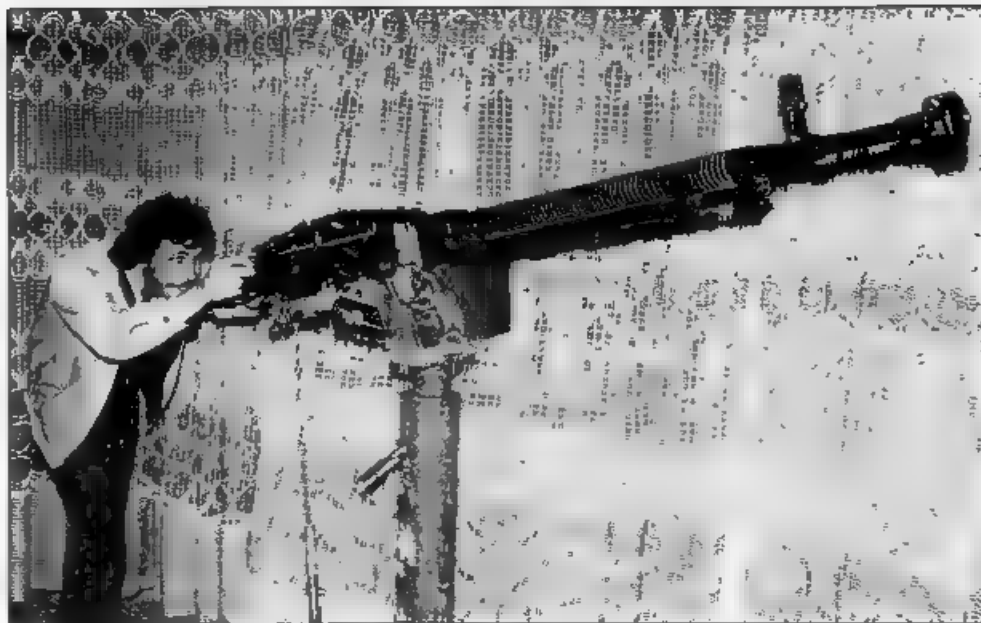
The hand of the Family Jaffra is weighty indeed, as I saw when they showed me the dining room. Automatic weapons of every make and caliber—American, Russian, Belgian, Israeli—were stacked everywhere around this old patrician Marseillaise villa. But the centerpiece of the *salle à manger* was a U.S.-issue antiaircraft gun. No one is going to launch a marijuana-eradication program against the Bekaa Valley and get off without some pretty drastic casualties. There were more guns in that one house than a whole city block in Beirut.

While I marveled at the ordnance in this place, I could hear one of Mustafa's uncles, in an adjoining room, doing business over a wireless with someone in Hamburg. That's Hamburg in the German Democratic Republic. A freighter full of the Family Jaffra's hashish had had to be scuttled on one of the Netherlands' West Frisian islands, it seems, because someone neglected to pay off the Dutch Coast Guard, or paid them off too late, at least. Anyway, although the ship itself was a write-off, enough of the hash had ultimately been saved to cover it, with a modest profit. Mustafa's uncle was not entirely consoled, however, and there were definite signs that heads would roll over this clumsiness.

Withal, I could not stop marveling over the antiaircraft gun, which crouched handsomely in the dining room next to a Hammond electric organ, its carriage well-greased, ready to be rolled into action at any moment. "That gun is for Interpol," chuckled Mustafa, "or any one else who tries to take our crop."

Aside from this functional arsenal in the *salle à manger*, the rest of the mansion was outfitted with unique, if miscellaneous, taste. Though the accent was decidedly on ultramodern luxury à la Saudi petroleum barons, any number of Greek and Roman artifacts, which lie just under the ground everywhere in the Bekaa, were on ample display. Corinthian marble column-plinths engraved with flowers, cracked bronze bas-reliefs of heroes and cherubs, gold and silver coins issued by Nero and Vespasian mounted on the walls, the broken haunch of a stone cherub converted into a reading lamp.

The lights in the Villa Jaffra, unique



Above, a young Family member peers through the sights of the American-made antiaircraft gun kept in the Jaffra's livingroom. Bottom left, old woman and semiautomatic rifle. Bottom right, The slaying of beasts accompanies the birthday of every first born male in the Jaffra family of Lebanon.



to all Lebanon in my experience, never failed once the five days I stayed there. The family has two enormous generators, one for the mansion and another for the business. The immaculate kitchen has two huge refrigerators, a Waring blender, a microwave and a Cuisinart. (The butchered and barbecued ram on the day of my arrival, I learned, had been in commemoration of some first born son's birthday, a weekly event in the Family Jaffra.) While everyone in Lebanon to the south were huddling around candles, bedrooms in the Villa Jaffra—wildly decorated with lurid Arabian silk arras and woolen blankets, sumptuous as the harems of the Khalif Haroun al-Raschid himself—were illuminated with Sony Trinitrons. Leba-

nese TV is dreadful, but eclectic '30s gangster movies dubbed in Arabic through prime time, and the Egyptian equivalent of "Sesame Street" for late-late fare. In the morning, the women served around fresh-squeezed orange juice and french fries—*pommes, frites*—on inlaid porcelain trays.

Later on, Mustafa took me up to the roof to view the dramatic remains of the downed Syrian MiG fighter-jet, made in Kirov and Kuybyshev, which had been ostentatiously installed there as a deterrent to overflights in general. Interpol will definitely have to think twice before they ever decide to tackle the Bekaa Valley; and then they probably ought to think a third time.

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TITO BANDINI

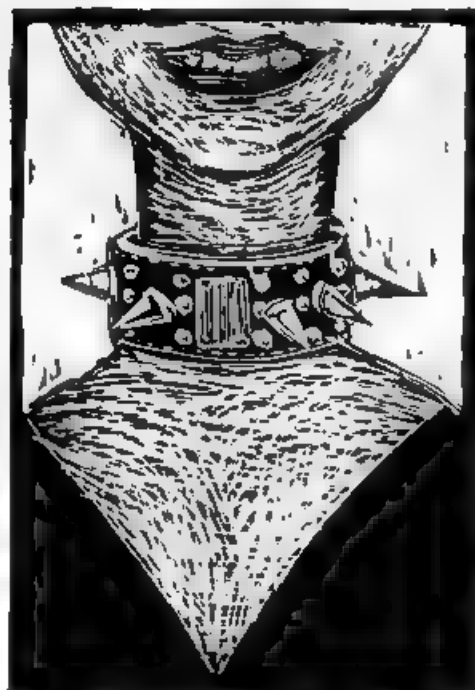
(IF INDEED THAT WAS HIS NAME)

by Terry Southern

One recent rainy P.M. in the none too distant, I found myself quaffing a monstroid sundowner at ultrasmart Elaine's Restaurant, where the good, the true and the incredibly nifty are apt to hang. It was at the height of the perennial New York August dope-drought, and the conversation—having run its usual labyrinthine gamut of who-is-sucking who, where, when and everything but why, the talk turned to that very subject, Big D dope, or more precisely, the remarkable lack of anything other than the old New Jersey Graveyard, Miami Make-Believe, Canadian Catnip or whatever other unspeakable yak-dung was being force-fed to your average Big A. hemphhead.

"It's a question of *harvest*," some quasi-knowledgeable asshole piped up. "This time next month, it'll be coming out your ears—red, green, gold, brown, black—man, it will be Rainbow-ville-oh-roorue!"

"I'll bet you do horoscopes, too," said thin blond Laura, sitting next to me, and quite icily she said it, not being one, it was quite apparent, to set much store in palmistry or grain futures, at the same time leaning forward to put out her cigarette, doing this in such a totally beautiful way that her white and barely buttoned silken blouse gaped exactly right, from the POV of yrs trly, to present the no-bra distention of a perfect pink nipple from a perfect pert breast, freeze-frame, pink nip touching white silk holding the silk away from the breast to form an exquisitely structured miniature. And what a bod! Willowy but voluptuous—*quel fab combo!* I took a prolonged hit of my tequila sunrise, carefully tonguing aside a rosebud-shaped nipple-size piece of half melted ice, savoring its contour, devoutly, my mind seething with imagery and reflection: nip-distention in mid-afternoon? Was she excited? Was she wet? Did she know it was distended? Pulsating? Thrusting forward hungrily? Girls' nipples invariably distend when they have orgasm. Had I, through a chance word, a gesture, a glance—somehow made her come? We barely knew each other



Hey awright! Way to go

Thees is all the true bullshut," said Jean-Pierre, rather abruptly, or so it seemed at the time. Jean-Pierre was a French (wouldn't you know it) connoisseur of—and to hear him tell it—one of the world's great experts on every aspect of sense-derangement, and especially that afforded by top-drawer wog-hemp. He spoke with a rather heavy accent, so that whenever he said "bullshit," which, for one snob reason or another he often did, it sounded like "bowl sheet." Also, and this is amusingly ironic I think, his favorite drink was a "bull shot" which when he ordered it, always came out an absolutely perfect "bullshit." "Give me a bullshit," he would say. He was fairly mixed up in a good many additional ways, too—chemically, physically, mentally—but that is another story, for another time. Sufficient for the mo to say he was fairly hip in certain regards.

"Now is the time," he went on, in his imperious and pain-in-ass manner, "for all good dealers to be *en vacance*—East Hampton, Marthas Vineyard, Province town, south of France, Cap d'Antibes, Venice, Capri, Costa Brava, Corfu—" he

sighed, exhausted from his trip. "And that," he summed up, "is the true state *du drogue* at this point in time."

He was probably right. He was a correspondent for *Paris-Match* and, not that there's any connection, but he was very often right about little things like that—odd facts, dope, sex, what have you. Anyway, a little later he said to me more or less privately, "Hey, listen man, I just thought of a guy—" And he starts rummaging about in his wallet and then comes out with a business card. "Now dig this," he said, laying it on the table.

TITO BANDINI
Import-Export
1040 Park Ave 743-2914
By appointment

"Dy-nee-mite stuff," he added with great assurance.

I studied the card with a slight bemusement. "Import-export. Well, he's, uh, certainly up front about it, isn't he?"

"Up front, yes, he is very much up-front cat."

Jean-Pierre was inclined to be perhaps a bit overly enthusiastic about hippy-dippy dope talk, and so occasionally went the old malaprop route. "I am quite sure," he continued, downing the dregs of his "bullshit," "that he is still at present in the city, because of the, how do you say, *dog show*—and he will have a good head-stash of primo-primo!"

I didn't respond immediately—not that I wished to avoid appearing as your basic drooling Pavlovian dope-nut, but because I wasn't entirely sure what the hell he was talking about—with that obscure "dog show" reference. *Dog show?* Was it a new slang expression for a snuff flick? For being on the set during a snuff flick? For fab preteenie ball-and-suck? For watching a strychnine hotshot? For some kind of disgustingly weird coprophilia *extraordinaire*? I didn't get it. But it did occur to me, I must admit, that a modest score for heavy green (brown or gold) might well be the most direct means of scoring. Laura's fabulous pink nipple, indeed her entire perfect knocker, into my sal-

"Et bien Tito," said Jean-Pierre, wanting to make some conversation, "where are all your beautiful dogs?"

vating chops—with boss gentleness and aplomb, natch.

"You think so, do you?" I said thoughtfully. "Because of the, uh, dog show?"

"I think he will tighten our wig something very *bad*, man," he said, grinning like a death's head and tapping the card briskly on the table. "Shall I make the, you know, appointment?" And he gave a slight nod in Laura's direction and a knowing wink which was practically conspiratorial.

The door of the posh pad at ten-four-oh Park was opened by a girl of 19 or thereabouts, face of an angel, body of a saint (Bernadette came to mind), wearing a see-through blouse and devil red short shorts. The hurt and confusion I had felt earlier, when Laura had declined to accompany us, began to fade.

"Hi there," she said with a lip-glistening, teeth-glittering Close-Up smile, like she might have been doing a parody on a Cosmo mag deep-throat-type heroine, slightly laid back, natch—Wendy her name, yumminess *extraordinaire* her game.

The pad itself was boss luxe—obviously dope-inspired—heavily electronic, with free-form divans, floating book cases, a bank of TV monitors, all silently aglow, three with cable imagery and one with your heavy Thirteen. More centrally located was a monster Advent, so that if and when one particular channel was favored, a flick of the proverbial console switch would put it right up front, in living color and large as life. But the images were, as I say, without sound for the moment, and instead we were being treated to a soft and soothing electronic purr from a nonapparent 360-degree source, and the air was awaft with what could have [certainly *should* have] only been the fabled *frank-*

incense. All in all, quite a comfy scene.

My companion, Jean-Pierre—an outrageously smug and supercilious asshole if the truth be known (though not wholly devoid of a certain *je ne sais quoi* type charm, at least in the eyes of various Miss Cutie Pie Dumbbells, if one were to place full credence in their constant "oohing" and "aahing," which yrs truly most assuredly did not)—was now in the midst of an elaborate frenchie snow-job intro, in which he did have the good grace, I must admit, to describe me as an "*écrivain très sérieux*," but immediately went on to insinuate *he* might like to use her on the cover of a forthcoming issue of his frenchie mag, which, as it turned out (ha-ha) she had never heard of.

It was about then that Bandini came in. I'm not sure what I'd expected—the name (a bit swarthy), the place (fairly exotic)—in any case, I was surprised to see a super-clean-cut All American Michael Parks-Bronson bike-type: a few years younger and he could have been on the back of the Wheaties box saying, "Gosh, Mom..." And yet, seen in certain half-lights, deep in those deep blue eyes, was the tiger-trace. The moment we were introduced he made some cabalistic sign or indication which caused fab Wen to lay out a fairly infinite number of long lines of Peruvian flake on the glittery black onyx coffee table before us. Then she indicated a small jade vase of thin ivory tubes, like straws at the old neighborhood soda fountain, and we each selected one and had a good toot, or several. It was king coke, no doubt about it, crushed so as not to burn holes in the old snoz, but rocky enough to flash on.

"*Et bien*, Tito," said Jean-Pierre, just wanting to make conversation I suppose, "where are all your beautiful dogs?"

"The dogs?" He smiled. "Oh, well, the dogs are at the beauty parlor, being groomed. There's a big show on Thursday, you know, at the Garden. The dogs will stay there, at the grooming place, until show time."

"Ah, yes," said Jean-Pierre, by now completely whacked out. "I was telling my friend here about it, about your how do you say, *interest* in dogs."

Tito looked at me and smiled. "Your friend, I take it, is not with the Treasury Department?"

"*Comment?*" said Jean-Pierre, whose sense of humor was of a rather special, perhaps limited, nature; but he was also resilient. "No," he said, obviously irate at this show of distrust, "but he is the illegitimate, and highly favored, son

of Henry J. Anslinger."

Tito just smiled, blew a line and had a toke of some heavy dark (Colombian, I later learned) which the adorable Wendy was proffering. Then the phone rang and he excused himself.

Jean-Pierre, by now in a state of calm and collected, but extreme, wipe-out cleared his throat. "In the import-export," he said, with a knowing nod in Tito's direction, "he has met plenty heavy dudes."

"Oh?" I, too, now found some difficulty in speaking without preparation. "Uh, just what do you mean by that?"

He looked at me, more hurt it seemed than annoyed at his failure to communicate. "Heavy dude, man, you know—" he pointed his thumb and forefinger at me like a gun, "bang-bang, you're dead. Ha ha."

I threw up my hands as if it had gotten me full in the face, two barrels of 3-inch 12-gauge Magnums packed with worn dimes, edges honed to razor sharpness (they say that's the worst, really messes you up).

Jean-Pierre was not amused. "Well, I do not mean *you*, *naturellement*," he said peevishly, mostly annoyed I think because it had gotten a good laugh from the fab Wen. (And you know what they say—"Make 'em laugh, and you're half way to clit city.")

"He does not do the *reportage*," Jean-Pierre said, when Tito returned, "he does the purely *creative*—the *roman*, and the *conte*."

Our host shrugged. "A cover blown is a cover blown," he said, "even if it's in a *sonnet*." Then he looked over to me, only the hint of a question in his blue killer-eyes.

"I would say that is definitely right," I carefully said.

He laughed and hit his remote, throwing the big beautiful six o'clock news up on the monstro screen. "I dig Walt Crankert," he said, "the cat knocks me out."

"Ah, *bon*," said Jean-Pierre, checking his watch, "*les nouvelles!* In my profession, I am obliged to watch each evening," but, of course, could not resist adding, "I personally, however, prefer the CBS." And, so saying, he leaned forward in the chair, preparing to give the program 100 percent of his serious professional scrutiny, but doing so with such out-of-skull eagerness that he pitched forward headlong onto the carpet, only catching himself at the last minute with outstretched arms against the floor.

I could scarcely suppress a chuckle at this combination of zeal and dumbbell-



ness, while Jean-Pierre, momentarily on all fours, looked around in blinking surprise at the host. "Hey, man," he said, "that is *some heavy shit* you got there!"

Tito nodded. "Glad to have you aboard." He indicated the black-top table. "Hit another line of that flake—it'll tighten your wig."

As for yours truly, I had eased in behind the flake and the hemp, and was now lolling back quite comfortably in the big chair, ready to take an interest in whatever John and Dave might have to say about the human condition at this point in time. Then I was rather astonished when the fab Wendy was solicitously leaning over me, air-stewardess style (also braless, incidentally, but nips, mercifully, in repose) with a tray of drinks, including what was unmistakably a tequila sunrise—tall and shimmering magically, like a Robert Penn photograph. A welcome sight, granted, yet I knew I hadn't requested it, so it was somewhat eerie.

"Is that," I asked, referring to the drink, what it would appear to be?

Everything here, and I she smiled, *everything*, is exactly what it would appear to be.

Then you are gifted," I said, taking the tinkling drink and raising it toward her toast-wise, adding with what I trusted was a meaningful look, "in more ways than one."

She laughed, moving on. "No, I'm not *psychic*—I read the piece you wrote about traveling with the Rolling Stones, and about the tequila sunrises that everyone was drinking. So I just took a chance."

And then I was pleasantly surprised to learn that Tito had also read the piece and liked it, or at least said he did. In any case, the recollection of it seemed to put him more at ease.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "that *thing* Jean-Pierre mentioned, that was a sort of one-shot operation."

And I could feel him settling into his "raconteur" mood—a quality, I have noticed, that is curiously prevalent among dealers, both in and out of jail. He smiled. "What you might call a 'six-dog night.'" He looked at Wendy. "Put on some sounds, baby, something soothing," and he switched off Big Wally C in mid-prophecy, as though the greater truth might come from a much nearer source, and he began his tale.

"Well, I'd been scoring coke from this dude in Bogotá, off and on for a couple of years, more or less *sociably*, you know, maybe five or ten grand at a time, but never any real weight. Then one day he

gets in touch with me by phone—which was unusual to begin with—and makes this terrific proposition: ten keys of *one hundred percent pure pharmaceutical rock* for a hundred thou—this was about *one-quarter* the usual price and could have been turned over, like uncut and immediately, for eight fifty, or maybe even a cool million. Well, right away, I figured it for a setup of some kind—that the dude, call him Gomez, had gotten into a bad heat situation. You know how it is. *Orders from the D.A., gotta bust in early May*—that old number. Anyway, that's what seemed to be coming down. Gomez owed somebody in Narcville a favor. On the other hand, I thought maybe it's *legit*, maybe *I'm being paranoid*, because, you see, he had a very logical explanation for the whole deal—the weight, the price, the urgency—it seems that a freighter, going from Hamburg to Rio, got wiped in a storm off Cape Verde, total breakup, all hands lost—except for the first mate and the ship's doctor, who managed to make it out of there, in a lifeboat—a lifeboat containing not merely your basic three-days ration of food and water for seven, life jackets, signal flares and so on, but *forty-four pounds of pharmaceutical coke* as well, which the good doctor, in his infinite wisdom and an ultraflash of last-minute cool-headedness, had remembered from a retro-glimpse of the ship's manifesto and was quick to salvage.

"And only the doctor, as it turned out, survived the difficult voyage in the longboat, finally putting ashore at Sierra Leone, on the coast of West Africa, to be picked up six days later by a Norwegian freighter bound for Venezuela—whence, following a day or two of the big-hello, news conference, guest-shot on the local Mike Douglas show and so on, split for Rio—and the rest, of course—" he paused to indulge himself with a self-indulgent chuckle—"is U.S. of A. dope-history."

I was suddenly glad that I'd brought along my fab Sony TC-55, a remarkable unit for your bottom-line unobtrusive eavesdropping—wouldn't spook a gazelle, and, with a supercasual flourish I placed the unit on the table between us.

"Just want to get all the facts, ma'am," I said, adding with a winner smile, "Naturally the names will be changed to protect the innocent . . ."

"Dig it," said Tito with a nod of acquiescence, and he laid on the following, transcribed more or less verbatim.

"Like I say, I made the whole thing as a setup going in, but at the same time, at those prices, it came on as a kind of interesting *challenge*. I looked at it from

"Kim is the best flake maven in the world. She can taste the purity of coke, within half a point."

every angle—up, down, sideways, and maybe one or two others. I figured the actual buy would come down okay, because it was obviously a border bust they were after—probably some dumb U.S. of A.-inspired Melvin Purvis-type operation . . . CIA-time, trying to stem the unauthorized flow of blah-blah-blah—"unauthorized" meaning *they weren't in*. Of course the first thing I did was check with the Maritime Registry to see if there really was a ship named so-and-so sunk off the coast of Madagascar, et cetera, and that all checked out. Not that it affected my attitude toward it being a setup. But anyway, as I say, I figured the buy itself would be cool—after that, it would be a question of creating a super Pavlovian rat-maze of false-drop possibilities, so that when they couldn't locate it right away at Customs, they'd be prepared to conclude I'd switched it. I had already determined the transport of choice, because, one day when I was looking over the shipping news—arrivals and departures—I noticed, in the same section of an important Colombian international dog show in, of all places, Bogotá. Well, as it so happened, I had a couple of Wiemeraners—*big* mothers, a hundred and fifty pounds, boss credentials, ancestors were sort of Run-Tin-Tins of the kraut hunting-dog world. I wired Gomez, said something like: "Showing at Bogotá International May 2 to 5, Wiemeraner section. Hope to see you there. T."

He paused to do a line of flake, and take a hit of dark, proffered by the fab and ever-at-hand Wen, from a rose-water-filled hookah. And I was beginning to think of her as a sort of Flo Nightingale in hot-pants.

When I raised my head to receive the nuplike end of the hookah tube, my

eyes went beyond (by chance only!) the flawless girl, and into an alcove, where Jean-Pierre and a new and unknown nifty were moving in languorous quarter time to "Jumpin' Jack Flash." Despite any or all dalliance on my part, however, the miraculous TC-55 was not idle, catching every nuance and oblique insinuation put forward by a certain Mr. Tito Bandini (aka not quite the same, natch), and he resumed: "So I had two dogs and I bought two more. Then I called an acquaintance, a dog-fancier, who also owned a couple of the same, and asked if he would like to show his two at my expense. Naturally he was delighted. Now I had six dogs to show at the Bogotá International . . ." he paused, had a quick toot and toke, before adding, ". . .and six shipping crates."

"They were all standard specifications for air-freight dog shipment—four by three by three-and-a-half feet—floor ceiling and the two ends of one-inch pine boards, aluminum bars, net weight, without beast, fifty-one pounds."

"On one cage I switched from one-inch pine to one-eighth-inch oak, using two each, so there was a three-quarter-inch space between them. You see, one-eighth inch oak will support the same weight as one full inch of yellow pine, and on the sides I used a sixteenth, so that gave us a stash space of one-quarter-inch by four by three by blah-blah-blah in the floor and ceiling—I wanted the extra strength in the ceiling, too, in case they stacked the crates, or maybe even got them upside down, the maniacs. And then, of course, we had a three-quarter-inch space by three by three on the two sides that didn't have bars—giving us a grand total of *ninety-six cubic inches of stash*. And finally I used hollow bars on that cage—not for stash, that would be too obvious, but for keeping the weight down. I also thought if they started tearing that cage apart and hit on those hollow bars—*empty*—well they would just have to figure *that* cage was clean for sure. I mean, where the hell would you stash a stash if not in the hollow bars of a cage, right? So, this cage, identical to the others, was twenty-one pounds lighter. The dogs averaged a hundred forty-eight, with the lightest one being a hundred thirty-seven and the heaviest a hundred fifty-nine. On the trip over I put the heaviest dog in the stash-cage, so it brought the weight up to normal—the idea being that on the return the lightest dog would be in the stash cage, along with the forty-four pounds of flake, bringing

/ continued on page 69

IT MOVES.

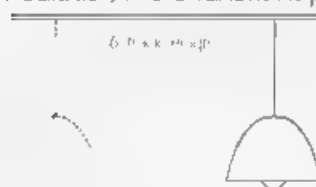
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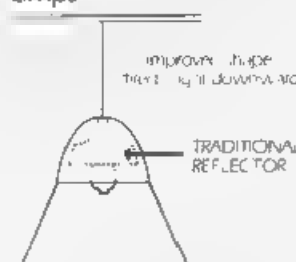
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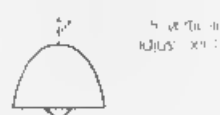


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CHOOSING A CANNABIS VARIETY

How to pick the pot that's right for you.

Seed catalogs are fascinating, really. For example, the tomato section of a typical catalog has pages and pages devoted to the different tomato varieties. Some are early bloomers, others are mold- or wilt-resistant. They have fruits ranging in size from a cherry to a grapefruit, some for canning, others for juice. They even have yellow tomatoes and square tomatoes. Each variety was developed by researchers to meet a specific requirement.

When cannabis becomes legal, commercial seed houses will develop varieties to suit each individual garden and meet each gardener's needs: "Let's see, I'd like something that grows about six feet in six weeks, develops a giant cola, matures in sixty days, smells like cheap perfume, tastes like heady champagne and takes me to the moon."

"R" has reported that there are already illicit seed co-ops functioning on a small scale. Last season, in certain

western states, breeders commanded five dollars a seed for acclimated varieties. Even at that price, the seeds are worth it to the growers, who view the seed money as a minor investment, when the value of the harvest is considered. Rooted cuttings from proven outstanding plants sometimes sell for \$15 a plant or more.

When it comes to choosing a variety, commercial growers are concerned with several factors, among them branching habits, drought resistance, ease in manicuring, color and uniform ripening. Primary is the ripening time. Most outdoor growers want plants that mature early, before the arrival of frost, thieves and law enforcement. Indoors, commercial growers want compact plants that ripen quickly and uniformly, so that light and space are used most efficiently.

Commercial growers are also interested in the plant's yield. Some plants

bud heavily and grow thick colas while others do not. A heavy-yielding plant may be worth twice the money of a light one. The type of the high does not seem to be an important marketing factor, but the yield, the aroma, the taste and the bud appearance are important factors in determining the price.

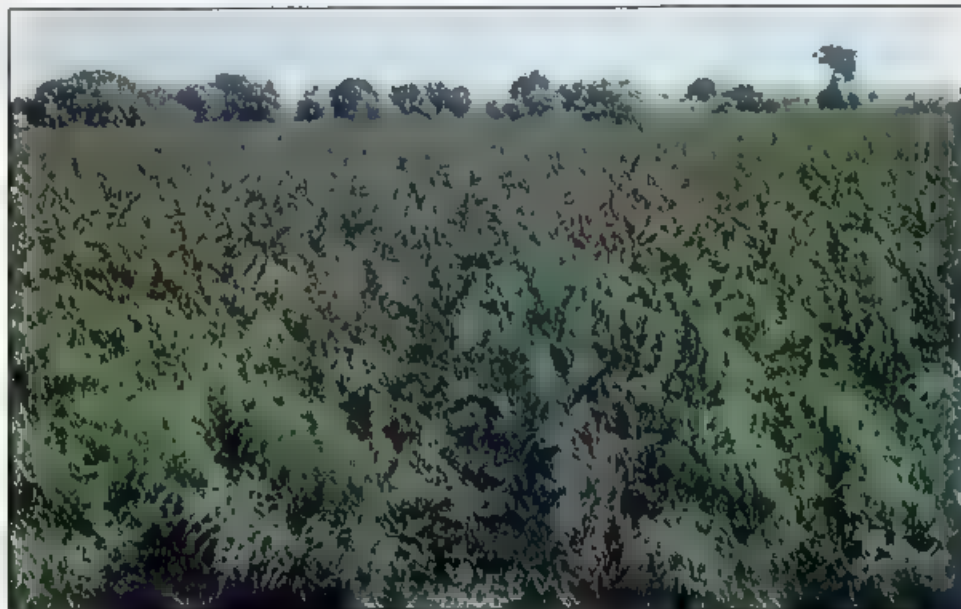
Homegrowers, however, have different priorities. The yield or growth time may not be as important as the type of high. Home gardens often contain several varieties of marijuana, some taking as long as six months to mature.

Seeds-people have concentrated their efforts on developing indica hybrids, which are desirable because of their early maturity (September to early October), and the heavy yields available on these compact plants. Some indica varieties are cold- and/or drought-resistant; and although the indicas exhibit a range of highs, I find most to be heavy and stupefying.

Commercial growers have tended to overlook potency and quality of high in their search for plants that mature early. They reason that they would rather have a poorer-quality sinsemilla harvest than no harvest at all. Very much like the tomatoes we discussed earlier, commercial varieties of cannabis ship well but are tasteless.

Turning to the sativa varieties, most mature too late (three to four months later than the indicas) for outdoor cultivation, and so are avoided by most commercial growers. Sativas also tend to grow tall with loose branching, so that their yield per square foot is less than indicas. However, the quality of high from sativa grown in the equatorial regions (Colombia, Congo, Nigeria, Kenya and Laos) is unsurpassed. It is unfortunate that only the homegrower (and his/her friends) can experience these highs; they are just not available commercially.

Sativa varieties grow all over the world. At the 15th parallel, in Jamaica and Mexico, there are some excellent sativa varieties which mature earlier than their equatorial cousins. Thailand is also at the 15th parallel, but its plants have a long growing season. Most of the commercial varieties available at the 30th parallel are indicas such as Kush, Afghani and Lebanese. But in the Southern Hemisphere at the 30th parallel, South African varieties will mature early and are often quite potent.



Above: Legal marijuana field in Khandwa, India. The plants were sown one foot apart in rows three feet apart. The males are not eliminated from the fields, so the plants are well seeded. The brown plants died from fusarium wilt. Right: A sativa cola. Thin leaves and pronounced serrations imply a Mexican-Equatorial African ancestry.



Durban poison, Cape Town gold, Lesotho brown and Zuluweed, are vigorous short-to-medium-height plants with internodes of up to eight inches. They are also the earliest flowering and maturing plants ever introduced to the United States.

Like most cannabis varieties found at the 30th parallel, South African plants tend to vary within a specific population. This is an evolutionary technique of survival among species situated in environments that have a varied climate.

African varieties are not usually imported into the United States, but find their market in Europe; there is usually a large number of Africans available in Amsterdam, for example.

Sativa varieties grown above the 30th parallel have been used for hemp, and are regarded as having no psychoactive qualities. But reports from the Midwest, where it grows in wild¹ stands, indicate that potency varies from terrible-headache weed to pot that delivers a fair buzz. Cultivators in areas where these stands are growing may wish to use those sativa varieties in their breeding program because they are well acclimated to the area, and survive with no human help. With a little patience, high potency and aroma can be bred into this hardy stock, which matures every year.

By controlling all pollination and keeping detailed records, it's easy to

develop a simple breeding program, and within five or six generations you can develop and stabilize several characteristics.

Commercial breeders grow large numbers of plants from which a few outstanding specimens are chosen. Their descendants are again selected and are often crossed with varieties that have other desirable traits. For instance, a hemp plant that matures very early might be crossed with a potent, later maturing plant. The first generation will be pretty uniform. The second generation will sort out into early and late plants with varying potency. If only early-potent plants are selected for further breeding, this characteristic will stabilize after several generations. Usually, commercial seeds-people try to stabilize many characteristics at once so that the plants are uniform.

A sophisticated breeding program can be developed indoors under controlled conditions. Many environmental factors can be easily controlled and the plants bred throughout the year. By turning the light cycle down to 15 hours a day (the number of hours of daylight available in late July), the researcher need only select early-maturing plants. Later-maturing plants may need longer periods of uninterrupted darkness, approximating late autumn or winter before they flower profusely.

Indoors, full-grown plants can be grown in one- to two-gallon containers. About two square feet of space is required per plant. Plants can be selected after a few weeks of growth, so that less space is required and the breeding program can be speeded up to three to five generations a year. Taking cuttings is the only way of preserving the exact genetic makeup of any plant. You may wish to keep an outstanding plant for garden clones or breeding.

Over the years, American cultivators have developed tens of thousands of varieties. American sinsemilla is now the most potent in the world. Traditionally, marijuana cultivation extended only to the 30th parallel. However, American growers have expanded the growing area to Maine and Alaska.

Novice cultivators would do well to borrow seed from a successful local grower whose pot they especially like. That way, they know that the plants will mature in time, and be pleasant to smoke. □

¹Actually, not wild, but escaped from cultivation.



Above: An Afghani bud. It has wide webbed leaves and dense budding. Below. A marijuana patch near Ketama, Morocco. These plants were sown at the rate of about 25 seeds per square foot. The plants develop thin stems, virtually no side-branching and a bud that weighs no more than two ounces.



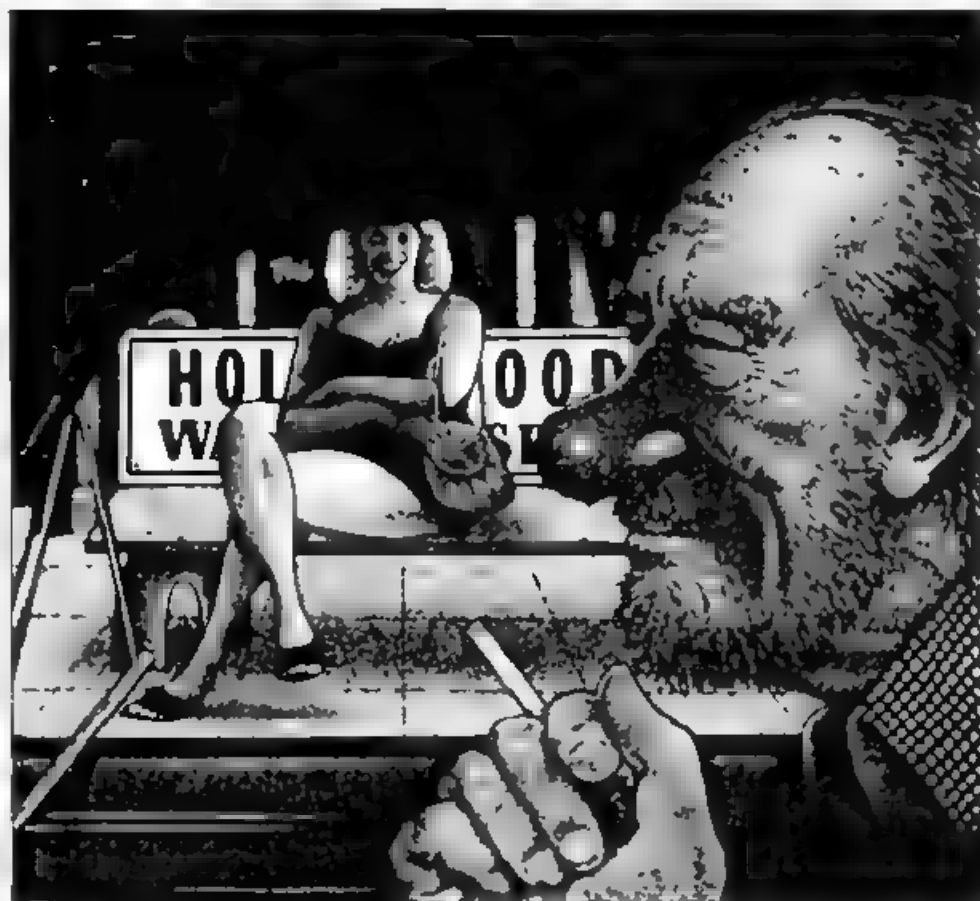
The Varieties at a Glance

Variety	Matunty	Ht. (feet)	Width	Branching Pattern	Bud Type	Aroma	High	Wt. (lbs. per plant)	Color (flowers)	Comments
Afghani & Kush	mid Sept. Oct	4-8	3-6	squat compact short side- branches, thick webbed leaves	nick dense short, rounded	heavy pungent skunky- fruity	heavy, luring, stupefying	1/2-1 1/2	dark green purple	The standard commercial plant. Quality varies within population
Colombian	late Nov - Jan	7-12	4-7	conical X mas tree long branch- es at bottom, ta- pering at the top, thin long leaves	med thick, 4-8" long light to medium density	sweet, fruity light	spacy thought- provoking, strong	1 1/2-2	green some red	Rarely seen commercially Needs lots of light and warmth to develop thick colas
Indian (Central)	mid Nov - mid Dec	8-12	4-6	long internodes, big leaves, strong firm branches, elongated conical shape	big thick, 7-12" long, light-wt. flowers on tiny cola branches	med fruity- skunky	strong, active, social	1-2?	light green red pistils	Will run with out intense light. Sus- ceptible to fusarium wilt.
Jamaican	late Oct - Dec	6-10	3-6	conical but squatter than Col Med leaves, me- dium branching	long thin colas w/ buds 1 1/2" 3" long	light, sweet, musky	medium active social	1/2-1 1/2 some big plants	light green	Adaptable good weather resistance Susceptible to fusarium wilt
Mexican (Northern)	Oct early Nov	8-15	4 1/2-9	elongated X-mas tree, long branches, medium-sized leaves.	long, thin 12"-24" colas	light, sweet perfume, spicy	weak, slightly heavy, sleepy.	1-3 1/2	light green, red	Vigorous plants, fast starters. Some cold-resistance.
(Southern)	Nov - Dec.	8-14	4 1/2-9	shorter than northern			comes on quick, intense, soaring			
Moroccan	Aug. - Sept	4-9	2 1/2-5	some side- branching, but most effort in tops	thick, rounded 3"-6" long	med sweet to skunky	weak buzzy	1/2-1	dark green	Good breeding material, lots of variation
Nigerian	mid Nov - mid Dec	6-12	4-7	X mas tree with strong side branches, long, highly serrated fingers	med. thick dense runs in low light	dry sweet perfume musk	very strong bell- ringing, paralyzing	3/4-2	med green	Vigorous warm-weather plant Needs light to mature
Thai	Dec-Jan and con- tinuing	5-9	4-8	asymmetrical long branches seek open space	dense under high light runs otherwise	medium dry- sweet, spicy	strong, druggy, has energy	1-2	med green	Many herm- aprodites make growing hard Buds ripen but plant sends out new flowers
Southern African	Aug.-Oct	5-9	4-6	Elongated conical lower branches angle up sharply. Thin bladed leaves often heavily serrated	med thick may be somewhat loose & leafy	heavy sweet to spicy	uplifting, social	3/4-1	light green	Very variable Good breeding material.

All of the descriptions are general guidelines. They are affected by cultivation technique and soil. Often several of the varieties can be found in the same areas. The most common microenvironmental conditions variations in climate, nutrients available, latitude and other, varieties are described.

NO LOVE SONGS

A Funny Thing Happened on the way to deadline....
Well, maybe not funny, but definitely mildly amusing
and tinged with poetic justice.



Dear Editor

I realize I missed the deadline but I've been beset by trivialities, like arguments with the female car breakdown a house guest for one week, and various other things I can't remember. One of them I can remember is that I had to get my driver's license renewed. Each time I get a driver's license renewed I begin to realize how much older I am, it's really a sign that you're moving along toward the grave, a more telling sign than New Year's or birthdays, and although I really don't mind dying I do dislike the automatic certainty of it, so every four years at driver's-license renewal time I really foster upon myself one huge drunk. So, I fostered that and I was driving along the next day took a left on Fountain and drove toward the

Hollywood Department of Motor Vehicles but my head hurt too much to face it like that so I took a right, found a bar up near Hollywood Boulevard, think I was on Las Palmas or Cherokee parked got out, went in, sat down, got a Heineken from the barkeep no glass, and took a good haul.

A couple of stools down sat an old gal who looked like she had porcupine bristles for hair on her head. She looked like she had cut a hole in the center of a bed sheet, a dirty bed sheet, for her head to slip through and had put the thing on.

"Hey," she said.
I looked at her more directly.
"I'm Helena the Gypsy," she said.
"Phillip Messbell, unemployed traffic controller," I answered.
"Read your palm, Phillip?"

"How much?"

A beer

Okay

Helena dragged her Klan sheet over to the stool next to mine, grabbed my left hand, twisted it and began to finger my palm.

"Ah," she said, "you have a long life line... You will live a long time."

"That's already been done. Tell me something new."

"Ah," she rubbed some more. "Heineken is your favorite beer."

"I said cut the crap."

"Oh now I see it!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah? What?"

"You're going to get fucked within the next hour."

"Who? By you?"

"Maybe. You got twenty-five dollars?"

No.

Not by me.

She got her beer, I finished mine and got out of there. I got into the car and took a left at the boulevard. My head felt a little better. I'd have to pass the frigging test without having read the book, but that was all right. What I hated was standing in the long lines and looking at the backs of heads. The backs of heads didn't look as bad as the fronts but nevertheless it was horrifying enough. I had to get out of my mind state about things. Maybe I'd go to India and learn how to climb up through my intestine when I was shitfaced. Something like that.

As I pulled up at the next signal I suddenly felt like I had to excrete. In order to keep my mind from my puckering asshole I glanced about the boulevard. I saw this woman sitting on the bus-stop bench, might have been M. Monroe come back to life, only a little more beat to crap. And with fuller flanks and certainly a more lascivious leer I smiled at her pulled back skirt which showed me so much more than I had seen in months and she saw me looking and smiled back. I was smiling. She was smiling. It was a smiling world. Just as the light turned green she jumped up and ran toward my car. I kicked out my right leg, the door opened and she slithered in like a grapevine to be plucked.

The guy in the car behind me honked. "If that whore don't kill you, nothing ever will!"

I hit the throttle and dug out. As I glanced over she was scratching one of her inner thighs.

"My name's Rosie," she said.

Gordon Plugg. I told her

"You want Dip Shit," asked Rosie "or Around the World? You want Epsom Salts, Brown Dog or the Yellow Sea? The Wire Whip? Suction Cup? The Broom Handle? The Fart-Suck? I do Three Hands Mary and the Chimney Sweep. What do you want?"

I want to renew my driver's license

"That'll be fifty bucks."

You do that?"

"Yeah"

You're on "

She looked at me as she lit the remains of a small cigar. "You're a strange-looking old fart. You look like you should be dead but you forgot to die."

I'll work it out"

What's your problem?"

"Things bother me all day and all night, Rosie

"Name some "

"Well, for instance, every time I put my pants on in the morning and reach down I always think, is the zipper going to work? Now, of course, it usually does. But what bothers me is why does this *thought* have to pass through me? Why do I need it? It's an energy burn, utterly useless—"

"Why don't you see a shrink?"

"What I need is a shrink who doesn't need a shrink and there aren't any of those"

"You telling me that almost everybody is nuts?"

"Well, almost everybody has zippers. It's just that their levels of intensity and confusion are different about zippers and other things like that"

Rosie yawned, "How far is it to your place?"

"Shit. I thought we were going to your place!"

Rosie belched through a smoke ring from her cigar, "That'll be ten bucks extra "

"Okay, but I still want the Driver's License Renewal job"

You'll get it."

"That's gonna be something," I said.

"I could give you the Banana Split Cream right in the car while you're driving —"

"No, I want the Driver's License Renewal job."

"You really ready for that?"

Every four years . . ."

Rosie directed me about the streets and then we were at her place. It looked as if it were built of plywood the sides sagged a bit. But there was a stately palm out front

I followed her ass on in as it voluted as it whirled and swirled and sang, demanding release from that skirt, demanding the release of that white substance from the nodules of Man that stinking white substance which kept pushing the ugliness of the species forward through the useless centuries. I followed it, as had those before me

Rosie kicked the door open and I noted any number of urchins lolling or walking about. There was a little fellow bent over and working upon gluing a model airplane together. Rosie walked over and gave him a kick in the ass which rolled him up against the far wall. *"David, I told you to stop snuffin' that glue! It eats away the margin between your brain and your fart sack!"*

David shook his head, got clearance, gave Rosie the finger and yelled, *"Eat shit and die!"*

Another little fellow sat wearing a Tim Leary T-shirt. He looked like he had washed up upon the shores of nowhere at the age of four. There was a little girl holding up a photo of Burt Reynolds and putting a lit cigarette lighter to his great manly smiling mouth. The mouth blackened and fell open. "Burnt Reynolds," she said

Rosie was looking at me. "Money first—"

I gave her a fifty and a ten and she put it someplace and began disrobing as I watched, and unlike most women she looked better out of clothing than in it.

"Rosie," I said quietly, "the children—"

Notun' they ain't seen many times. It's like an old movie, it bores them. And it bores me too."

Now, Rosie, I want the Drivers-License Renewal job"

I hey always get what they pay for."

Rosie switched off the light which was dangling from a cord, then spread-eagled herself upon a dirty mat. I walked over, ripping open my fly and I fell into the magic immensity of that body—the breasts, the thighs. I thought of clouds and waterfalls, of being lucky at a game of craps, and then I thought, great Christ. I haven't even taken my clothes off, not even my shoes. My hands felt her hair, it seemed filled with bits of sand. She smelled like wet rubber gloves. I felt sad, I felt like weeping but I didn't know why. Then Rosie's mouth opened and I was upon it. She's lonely, I thought, she's really lonely. No, I thought, that's me . . . Her tongue was cold, I bit it and she dug her nails into my back, ripping my shirt. I felt some

blood. I reached the finger hand down there and began playing, like with a musical instrument . . . It was all right, all right, and then I was in there and she was very good, it wasn't snapping pussy but the next best thing, and then I didn't know if it were night or day or where but then I came back from the ceiling and I thought, it's only fucking, very good fucking, and I fucked and I ejaculated, rested upon the magic body then rolled off and I was standing in front of a camera, there was a jolly old ugly fat woman with eyes like walnuts, she was about my age and she said, "Come on smile! It won't hurt!"

I smiled. There was a flash—

"You have your temporary license," the old woman told me. "Within thirty to sixty days your regular license will be mailed to you."

Then I looked down and noticed that my zipper was open. I reached down to pull it shut. This time it didn't. Broken

I walked out the exit and felt the cool air entering my ripped shirt in the back. My car was in the parking lot. I got in, lit a cigarette, kicked it over. I drove out of the lot and down the street. It hadn't been a bad day and there was much of the day left according to the car clock. Maybe I'd drive down to the beach or go to a movie. I disliked movies but hadn't seen one for quite some time. I decided upon that. I switched on the car radio and got a love song, a terrible love song. It was a world full of lousy love songs. I switched the radio off and then something reminded me that I had to excrete. Most probably my still-puckering asshole

I found a gas station three blocks down, pulled in, got out, walked toward the men's room. The station attendant saw me. "Hey, buddy, your zipper's open."

Yeah, I know it is."

"Listen," he told me, "guys who use our crappers, we like them to get something here"

"Put some air in my tires," I told him

I walked into the crapper, found the booth, they even had seat covers. I spread out three of them, pulled my stuff down and let it go. That's when I noticed your magazine spread there, cover ripped and shorn and wetted, so sad, you know, there on the shithouse floor, and as I dumped I remembered I had missed your deadline and decided to write and tell you about that, and thus is it □

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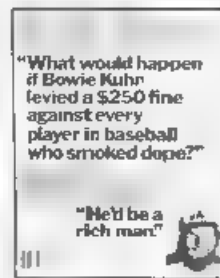
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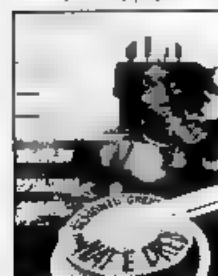
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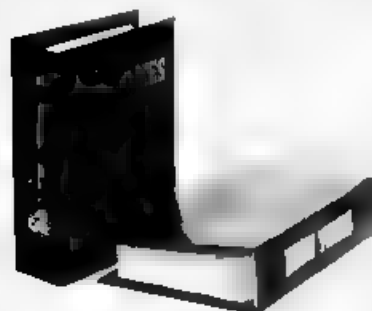


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/ continued from page 60

it up to a normal weight. So there would be no noticeable weight discrepancy in the cages, either coming or going. Dig?"

"Yes," I said, allowing myself another glimpse into the farther room, where now Wendy and the new and nameless nifty were moving in languorous, sensual entwining, while Jean-Pierre sat looking on, his face a mask of stoned bemusement. "Yes, I understand. But tell me something, while I can still think of it—what happened to the first mate in the lifeboat? You said only the captain survived—"

My host smiled. "My, my, you do have an inquiring mind," and still smiling he leaned forward, did two parallels, a nostril each. Then he nodded an indication that I should join him, and I felt obliged to do so.

"Well, actually," I said, totally whacked, "it isn't me, it's the machine," and I stared momentarily at the TC-55. "It would want to know," I really meant it, and he understood.

"Yes," he agreed, "otherwise there would be, how do you say, a gap in the tape."

"Right, right, that's it exactly." Our rapport was staggering.

"Well, it was quite simple," he resumed. "The mate was washed ashore a few months later, a hundred miles or so south of the Cape, dead of course, and with about two inches of a six-inch distress flare protruding from the back of his skull."

I could not resist toying with the image in my mind's eye. I tried to recall the construction of a distress flare—something like a mortar shell, with flanging tail stabilizers—a miniature space rocket, protruding from the back of the mate's head. "Far out," I muttered.

Tito, however, did not appear to share my taste for the visually odd. He nodded toward the languorously swaying beauties in the adjacent room. "That's Kim," he said, and added with a cryptic smile, "She's sort of Wendy's... 'cousin,' you might say. They made the run with me, yes? Okay, *en route!* Well, everything was cool at JFK. And why not? The dog-cargo check-in was totally separate from the passenger check-in. Wendy and Kim handled it. Gal Friday-style, but heavy, like early Joan Crawford, you dig, and maybe Ida Lupino, very correct and career-girl-like, tailored-suit time, tortoise-rim glasses, everything cool and groovy, almost *formal* you might say." He paused, smiled

as though at some odd flash-recall, did one quick line (left snoz, if memory serves), picked up a pair of rose-colored shades from the table, observed of them, breathed on them, rubbed of them, lifted of them, peered through them and, finally satisfied, very carefully put them on—he, too, it seemed, was whacked right out of his gourd. "Yes," he continued, still smiling, glancing briefly at the girls, "quite formal—who would have guessed they gave the best head east of L.A.? Boss-head. *king-head*. *queen-head*. I don't know, man, but I *really dig head at thirty-three thousand feet*... it's all in the mind, of course, but pop an amie in each snoz just as you come, at thirty-three thou, wow, it's something else."

I was quick (or so it seemed) to nod agreement. "Dig it," I managed, "but like you say, 'all in the mind'—I mean, the pressurized cabin and so on, it couldn't really be any different."

"Right. Head-in-the-head, you might say—"

We shared the almost soundless chuckle of the hopelessly zonked.

"Well, back to biz," he said, suddenly brisk, having a quick toot. "I'll tell you about Bogotá. Far out. Coke there—street coke—is so cheap that everyone is on, all the time; they use it like the Victorians used snuff... truck drivers, bellhops, elevator operators, everybody has runny noses, sneezing, blinking, red-eyed. Of course, the stuff is cut up till it's pure garbage, but they snort huge amounts, like it's flour or something. It makes for an interesting scene, gives the city a curious pace—business deals included."

"Well, anyway," he went on, "we arrived about two in the afternoon, without incident—aside from the super-head I mentioned—and checked in—Bogotá Hilton, natch—adjoining suites, one of them, presumably, for the girls, and one for me. They're fairly straight in Bogotá regarding excess weirdness of a sexual nature. Not that there isn't an enormous amount of balling and sucking going on at all times—in fact, I think that's the whole basis of the 'siesta'—but a *ménage à trois* might have raised a brow or two. Now, on the way to the elevator, I spotted what's-his-name, Gomez, sitting near the front desk. Neither of us crack. He gets up, gets into the elevator with us. I say 'Sixth floor, please,' he says 'Seven,' and we know the buy is set—that was the drill. Whatever floor we drew, he would say the one above if the deal was on, the one below if there was a hitch. Then he asked the operator, 'Is the hotel bar

open at four o'clock?' 'Oh, yes, sir,' he said, 'the bar opens at blah-blah-blah.' So that meant the first meet would be at four. The reason for doing it like that, talking aloud in an elevator, is to avoid phone conversations—you gotta figure every phone is tapped, right?"

He seemed to expect an affirmation of this fairly paranoid notion, so I gave it to him, in the form of a sympathetic nod and a couple of quick toots.

"Well," he went on, "Wendy handles the dogs, you see, and Kim is the maven."

"The maven?"

"That's right, she's probably the best flake maven in the world. It's almost like a sixth sense—she can taste the purity of coke, within *half a point*. I always run it through my chemistry set, but she's never been wrong. She's also got a way of doing it with litmus paper and a catalyst mixture—big trade-secret—but, you know, a talent like that is invaluable, because sometimes it can get a little awkward, carrying around a big sophisticated dope-analysis kit, and then trying to ditch it."

"Yes, I can well imagine," I replied, recalling the elaborate junk-testing apparatus in *The French Connection*.

"It's a gift," he said solemnly, "a genuine gift."

"Not like giving great head."

He smiled in appreciation of my understanding.

"Right. Any girl—well, *almost* any girl—with full sensuous lips and regular teeth, can learn, or be taught to give great head—an acquired skill, you might say—but this, dope-tasting infallibility, is truly a god-given talent."

"Like perfect pitch," I suggested.

"Yes," he agreed, "but far more rare—closer to *genius*, like being a child prodigy, a Mozart."

I began to think of Kim in a new, even more attractive, light. A coke maven! To fuck a coke maven! Hey, we're talking *Nirvana City!*

"Must be a moral there somewhere," I ventured.

Tito Bandini (if, indeed, that was his name) shrugged lightly.

"Well, for openers," he said, and leaned forward for a quick double, "it proves that a smart girl can use at least some of her bodily onfices for things other than playing 'Hide the Jelly Roll.'" And he laid his boss charm and winner smile on me, and proffered a veritable mound of it—as seen from very close now, all shimmering and sparkling like a diamond-cruised snowbank, pure and unviolated forever... or at least until I could put the old snoz to it. Ho-ho! □

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ASK A MARINE

Meet our boys in Lebanon.

Their likes and dislikes, plus how they feel about not being allowed to leave their base, load their weapons or smoke hash with the rest of the multinational peacekeeping force. by James Kusnir



*In the snows of far-off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes
You will find us always on the job
The United States Marines
—"The Marines' Hymn"*

The Marine Bunker is the best watering hole in Beirut. The drinks are cheap, and there's no better way to wind down from a week of war than over a few cold ones at the Thank God It's Friday gala on the seventh floor of the U.S. Embassy. The Bunker is the most democratic pub in the city: Palestinian guerrillas, Christian militiamen, French paratroopers, company men, mercenaries—they all drop by at Miller Time to grab a bit of gusto and shoot the breeze. Xenon? Studio 54? Forget it, man, they're for the Geritol club and the PTL crowd. Bianca Jagger? Hey-hey, we're talking Mata Hari. You can sink your dagger into some pretty exotic cloaks over here, pal. And if you want to know the lowdown, the poop, the old scoobydoo about what's been going down at the fort, the embassy marines have a whole seabag full of tales. Like the time an Israeli took a potshot at one of our boys who was up on the roof with his buddies, catching some rays taking in the latest episode of street fighting.

"The sniper shot from the Vendôme," says the intended target, pointing to a hotel a mile down the road. "Some Israeli colonel fired on me. He showed up at the gate with his men and said he just killed a Palestinian on the roof. He demanded we let them in to search for other terrorists. We told him that there weren't any terrorists in the building, and that the guy he killed was a marine—and still alive, thank God. We told him if he or his men tried to come inside the building we'd kill 'em."

I stick my finger into the hole chipped out of the balcony wall by the colonel's bullet. "Come close?" I ask. "Close enough."

Back at the Bunker, Sean Connery is nuzzling Ursula Andress via a video cassette. A marine sets me up a frosty. On the house, as usual. Fine crew, these lads. Figuring to do a story praising our brave boys abroad, I pick up the in-house phone and call the press security officer, a State Department flunky. Surely he wants the world to know what a bang-up job the troops are putting out.

But nooooooooo.

"If you're not affiliated with a newspaper or television crew, I'm afraid I can't help you," he tells me. "Security is

tight here at the embassy. We have to be careful who we let in."

Right, chief. I guess soldier-of-fortune conventions in the marine bar aren't covered in the Foreign Service Handbook. Turkey doesn't even know I'm calling him from within the compound.

What the hell. After a week of boozing with the jarheads, I've got more embassy stories than I can use anyway. My favorite is the one about how the State Department extorted fares from U.S. citizens to evacuate them from Beirut when the war got hot. That's right. Our fellow Americans had to cough up greenbacks if they wanted Uncle Sam to ship their asses out to Cyprus. One lady pleaded poverty. Uh, sorry, honey. No money, no shipee. The old girl took a fit and somehow wangled her way aboard. But jeez, even the *French*, infamous collaborators of World War II, flew their nationals clear back to Frogland. That's right. The *French*, fer cryin' out loud. And for free! Didn't charge 'em a franc, not a sou. I guess Washington was so tickled with all the hoopla and parades following the release of the Iranian hostages, they figured, hey, let's give it a shot! Then, of course, the thousands of dollars paid by those evacuated to Cyprus could be used to offset the millions or billions it would take to

send in the marines to rescue the Beirut hostages.

When knuckleheaded foreign policy finally backfires, and the natives are roasting wienies over the Stars and Stripes—Washington sends in the marines, puts 'em on a hot lead diet and ships 'em back in body bags.

Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia, Iran Beirut. It's a time-tested solution

I chugalug my beer and head out for the boonies. There are 1,200 marines serving inside the compound adjacent to the Beirut international airport. But what exactly is their job there? A security force? Col. James Mead, commander of the 32nd Amphibious Unit, says that job belongs to the Lebanese army. "We are not defending anything," he says. "We are just standing there to see that stability in the area is maintained."

The day before, I was out here inspecting the camp where a captain from Golf Company had a different interpretation from General Mead's of the marine role in Lebanon.

"The corps is taking it up the ass again," he reported.

"That's right," said a lieutenant, looking up from a laid-back poker game. "The captain here mooned some French babe out here taking pictures yesterday."

"That oughta sell some newspapers," said the captain, grinning.

Just outside the marine camp, Arab vendors are selling beer, soda, sandwiches, trinkets and I ♥ Beirut T-shirts. A corporal, off-duty, sits sipping a coke, voicing his opinion as a taxpayer:

"You see, the Israelis are our allies, right, and they let the Phalangists massacre the Palestinians in the camps. Now we're here to show that the Arabs are our friends too, and that we're ready to protect them."

Sounds like sound State Department logic to me. I ask him if it's true that the marines aren't carrying live rounds. He shakes his head and shows me a full clip of 5.56 ammo that he locks onto his M-16. An Arab boy sitting beside him points to a picture of Khomeini in a magazine.

"What do you think of him?" the boy asks.

The corporal takes the bayonet from his rifle and sticks it in the ayatollah's throat.

"That's what I think of the fucker," he says, "and most Americans agree with me."

The marines in Beirut are attacked day and night—during the day by flies, and



Protecting the peace in 'Non.

at night by mosquitoes. And they sometimes come under fire from the Lebanese army, who, in the course of routing "squatters" (or "refugees"—depending upon your political view) down the road from the marine positions, have sent barrages of tracer rounds over the American "observers."

Ask a marine. Ask two marines, on watch alongside the highway outside the camp perimeter

Mike: We were getting shot at. We were back at our battery position. It's not well defended, it's only got a fire watch and one guy up in the tower. And we were sitting there, and we started getting rounds. All of a sudden it's "Take cover! Take cover!" So the lieutenant tells us to lock and load, so we lock and load, and all of a sudden he gets a message down from the major saying, "Clear your weapons, you're not supposed to be loaded." And the lieutenant's going "What the fuck," you know, we're getting rounds, you're not, you're over there drinking beer at battalion.

Mac: The guys behind us from the air wing, they were shootin' flares up in the air 'cause the rounds were comin' right in on them. They said they had a guard at every door up at MAU [Marine Amphibious Unit] 'cause they were all worried we were being attacked.

Mike: And we were

Mac: We were running around with our heads cut off.

The United States is practicing a form of biological warfare in Beirut. Osmosis.

The marine presence, it is hoped, will help the Lebanese army regain confidence after seven years of doing, well, not much of anything. How is it working out? Ask a marine.

Mike: You know how many rounds we carry? We're only carrying a hundred fifty rounds. Each man. Not a lot of firepower, considering the Lebanese run inside when it starts raining—they leave their posts, they say fuck it! I mean, I'm not gungey [gung-ho] or anything, but damn. The Lebanese are always offering us hashish or whiskey—they're always stoned. Whenever they're on post they're either stoned or just fucking off.

Mac: One day, one of the Lebanese soldiers—we were standing guard with him—and they [Lebanese working on the marine base] were getting ready to come to work. He has to check I.D.'s before they go into work, and he got real busy, and he got mad and told us to start checking—we don't even know what the I.D.'s are.

Mike: Did you ever see Arabic? Did you ever see what it looks like?

So far, only one marine has been blown away in Beirut: a demolitions expert killed mishandling an Israeli anti-personnel bomb. However, our leaders are hard at work on strategy which will, no doubt, raise the surprisingly low death rate. Ask Mike.

Mike: These posts [sandbag emplacements along the highway leading to the airport], you know what they're for? We were told our orders are to wave at cars—show an American presence—that's all our post is. If we were playing tactical, if we want to be really tactical, we'd set up a machine-gun nest over there and one over there. I mean, right here we can get killed real easy, just somebody plop a grenade.

All that controversy over the Vietnam vets' memorial at Arlington National Cemetery. And with good cause. A more fitting monument would have been a squad of dead American servicemen with their jammed M-16s by their sides. But that was many moons ago. Back when those silly slopes in black p.j.'s were raising hell with their slick-firing AK-47 death-sticks. Today, Mike and Mac carry—you guessed it—M-16s. And guess what else:

Mac: They jam easy as hell. They're supposed to come out with a new one that's better.

Mike: I doubt it. You know who makes

the M-16? Mattel. Serious, the Mattel toy company makes the M 16. You wanna know what else is fucked up? We got grenade things that're called M 203s. First of all, the guys who have one haven't even fired an M-203. Also the M-203s don't work. They're just decoration. The firing pin—something's wrong with the firing pin. Fifty-fifty chance of working

Mac: The Lebanese soldiers love 'em, they try to buy 'em from us.

Mike: They try to buy all our weapons.

Mac: They think it's something out standing.

When 'Nam was in swing, the lads on the front lines were flying high. What about the troops in the "Non" (Lebanon)—how are they fixed for drugs?

Mike: I came in in '80, and I never seen so much dope in my life.

Mac: When I first got in, I was getting high, but all of a sudden they came out with that piss test. If it comes out positive three times now, you get kicked out of the corps.

Mike: —told us methods of how to get around the piss test. There's this one where he rigged up this system where he straps this hot-water bottle to his back and he runs a tube all the way down and up his dick. The staff and officers are watching him piss into the bottle. So you piss into the bottle, right, and you just let up on the valve and let someone else's piss go in.

Mac: We had an NCO in our battery, he was trying to piss for somebody else so the other guy wouldn't get in trouble. And they got caught doing it.

Mike: We don't have a big drug problem in our unit—we don't, you know. Just guys, you know, maybe on speed—that's about it. 'Cause with the THC thing, nobody wants to get caught. It's a bummer, really.

On September 29, hours after the marines landed in Beirut, President Reagan told Congress that the troops would be there "only for a limited period of time." Later, he told reporters that the marines might stay in Lebanon even after Syrian and Israeli forces pulled out. The administration is now considering an expansion of the 3,800 multinational force, and marine planners are assessing in paper exercises what it would require to enlarge its contingent of 1,200 men to 5,000. In the president's formal notification to Congress, he said that the troops "will not engage in combat," but "may exercise the right of self-defense and will be equipped accordingly." Lately, the marines have been

running armed patrols through East and West Beirut, and some Lebanese army units are being trained by our men. So where do we go from here?

Mike: I don't know, I can't see these guys defending this country after we leave. Have you heard the rumor? You haven't heard another rumor. They're thinking of starting a marine brigade here. They got land picked out for a base. You haven't heard that, huh? Uh, it's all around.

Mac: They say it's the only way we're gonna keep peace over here, if we get a base.

Mike: It's a rumor—I'll bet you'll see it—a marine brigade. It'll be the second one, 'cause the first one's in Hawaii.

Mac: I don't know, I can't see a brigade here, I'd hate it. Supposedly, they've got land and they've already shown it to the other commander. And there was a congressman here—he was all smiles, shakin' hands. Asked us how our White Castle burgers were [A DJ in the States rallied his listeners to send in dough for thousands of White Castle burgers to be sent to the boys in Lebanon.] Everybody in the battery was throwing 'em away 'cause they tasted terrible. He [the congressman] was from Texas—big ol' boy too, y'know. He had a Western belt, and he had his Skol can right in his pocket.

(Explosion. Sounds of automatic-weapon fire.)

Mike: Excuse me, you wanna get in your bunker.

Mac: You gotta get used to those things, we're not allowed to do nothing about it. Just stay around and make sure we don't get hit.

Mike: [Calling on radio.] What? Whaddya mean "Darth Vader, your operator"? Listen up. We got some noise up in front of us, it sounded like an explosion...

Such is the life of a marine in the 'Non. But not to fear. President Reagan has assured the American people that "all appropriate precautions have been taken to ensure the safety of U.S. military personnel during their temporary deployment in Lebanon." Precautions have also been taken to protect the Lebanese populace. The marines are restricted to base and can't party in town like the dagoes and the frogs in the multinational peace force. The poor bastards. Even Bob Hope didn't show up for Christmas with a tits-and-ass review. They had to settle for Cardinal Cooke. □

"Mike" and "Mac" are pseudonyms for two very real marines.

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TWO CITIES

/ continued from page 43

What do you agree with then?" I want to know. It's 6 P.M. and the cult DJ Wolfgang Layer's program is on the radio, SFB 92.4.

To say it in general. Freedom!" Waltraud says, accompanying herself with cynical laughter. "Then there is the shortening of money for schools. I'm against unemployment. Against Reagan. He's a bad man, ja?"

When the obligatory tea is served I ask, "But what are the *spontanes* and *chaoten*?"

Oh, *spontis*, or spontaneous ones. They're friendly. Don't think, just do it. Shout slogans. Go to every demonstration not knowing what they go to. Also hash smokers. *Chaoten*, or the chaotic ones, is a word created by Axel Springer for his *Achtung Zeitung* readers. Now it's been taken on by radicals as a term of honor. I remember a good story [Editor's note: Axel Springer, right-wing publisher of numerous German publications, including the country's largest daily paper, wields the same power and influence in Germany today as William Randolph Hearst did in America during the 1920s.]

Waltraud leaves, then returns, holding a newspaper clipping. "See this?" she says. "I was at that big freedom demonstration in Bonn last year with a hundred thousand people. My girlfriend and I were carrying a sign: STOPPT DIE NEUTRONEN BOMBE! They made a photo and it was published in the paper of the DKP—that's the West German Communist Party. They offered it for sale as a poster. Then the same photo was published in the big East German youth paper. And now it's in the main *Women's Agenda* published by the Demokratische Fraueninitiative in Cologne. I'm the radical calendar girl for May 18, 1983. When I asked the photographer for a photo she wouldn't send it. I had to pay."

Waltraud stands up, and a little bit accusatively asks, "And what are you going to do with all those things you're writing in that little notebook?"

As I told you, I'm doing a report on Berlin and Paris. In both cities I'm visiting someone I've known—and have been good friends with at least one of their parents—for over ten years. I'm curious. You are the innocent victims of all the weird trips we went on during the '60s and '70s."

Yes," says Waltraud, "I'm just beginning to realize that!"

Stephen K. lives in a factory. On the first floor they make wooden new-wave furniture. The second floor is a metal workshop. Stephen shares the third floor with one group making costumes for a punk Hamlet, and another group making sets for theaters and discos. When I arrive he is translating Charlotte Chandler's *Hello, I Must Be Going* into German. He is a Marxist. A Groucho Marxist.

"Two years ago there was a lot of street power, mass demonstrations of popular discontent. For example, there's an alternative taxi service in Kreuzberg. When the squatters were arrested they picketed the prison, carrying signs saying, GIVE US BACK OUR CUSTOMERS. Now there is no Common Will!" Stephen says. "I lived in a squatted house for a year. That was enough. Confused ideas of what to do there. In Berlin there are many squats because you can live there until owners have an acceptable new plan for the building. During the three-week interval between the Social Democrat Party and the Christian Democrat Union, there were many fights to make squats legal. People taking big rocks to the top of five-story buildings and dropping them on police cars."

Indeed, the violence has become more desperate as the squatters are squeezed out in flank skirmishes. The week before I was in Berlin a department store was bombed in retaliation for the police raiding two squatted houses. And the week after, 13 vehicles were damaged, and windows were smashed in several offices and shops, also in response to evictions. These fire fights are so frequent as to rate only a small local news item.

You see," says Stephen, opening a bottle of homegrown wine sent to him by friends who live near the Danube. "I was in jail for three weeks for street fighting. Throwing rocks at police. They put me in maximum security in Moabit. Political prisoners are separated, and a third of the other prisoners are there for heroin. It wasn't even quiet. All afternoon the Turks are screaming out of the window to friends in the other blocks."

You come to Berlin and see only the international scene, but Berlin is very conservative. You know what Lenin said about us: 'If German radicals want to storm a platform, they first buy a ticket.'"

As we drink the wine, we speak about our mutual friend who is quite successful in reviving German minnesinger; like punk and reggae, this too is

a primal sound Yet he is disappointed that the 15th-century one-eyed, poet-gangster Oswald von Wolkenstein isn't as popular as Bob Dylan. Already a little tipsy, Stephen says, "Come on, it's Saturday night I'll take you to see some of our nightlife."

A radical night out in Berlin might begin or end at Café Einstein (Kurfürstenstr. 58). Instead, we have dinner at the less well known Gottlieb's (Grossgörschenstr. 6) in Schöneberg. While eating, people come to our table to sell their self-produced calendars and books.

Then we go to the Mehringhof (Gneisenaustr. 2). In the 5000-square-meter converted factory there are over 30 radical projects ranging from film and video, free schools, karate, a committee on police clashes and publishers. In an age when landscapes flash by, relationships come and go, impressions are instant, emotions are sketchy, conclusions are superficial and rhythms accelerated, the Mehringhof proudly advertises itself as an effort "to extend and build up a far-reaching communication." To this extent they echo the root visions of dissident social philosophers Gustav Landauer and Erich Gut-kind people striving with the help of an ideal to create a new reality; and, an Absolute Collective containing maximum inner differentiation. In the evenings there is a large jumping café with a live band.

"I'm glad people in Berlin are still pirating books," I say to Stephen back in the car.

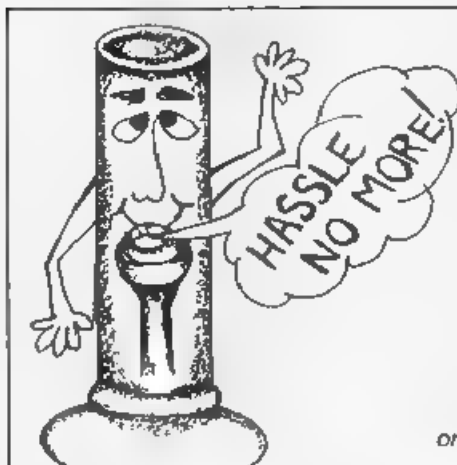
"What do you mean?" he asks incredulously.

"Like that bookstall in front of the Mehringhof. Bataille and Crevel are dead. And Foucault doesn't need the money. Better it goes to those people. And it helps distribute important texts cheaply. Years ago—during the time of Kommune I—radicals threw pirate editions of Wilhelm Reich's *Function of the Orgasm* at the police."

Next we could go to SO 36 (Oranienstr. 36) or Metropole (Nollesdorf Platz 7) or Music Hall (Rheinstr.). We choose a newer place, Sektor (Hasselstr. 414). It's pretty dead tonight, although I see Mekanik Destruktiv Komandöh played here a few weeks ago, and Lilli Berlin and her band are coming soon.

The Dschungel (pronounced "Jungle"), on Nürnbergerstr. 53, has been described as the finest new-wave address in the Western World. It's a club, and no one gets in unless they pass inspection. Stephen is a regular so we pass through easily. Inside the decor is a

/ continued on page 82



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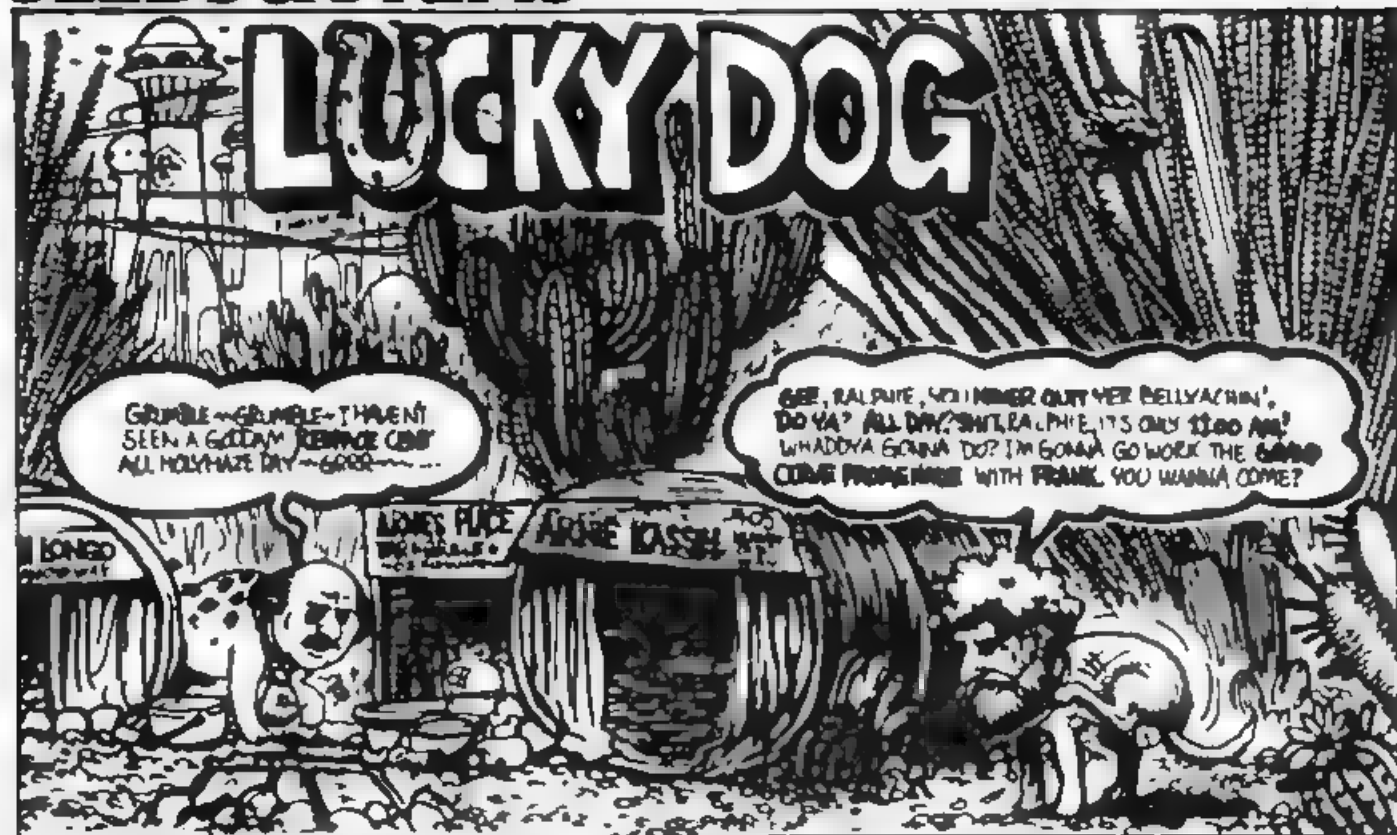
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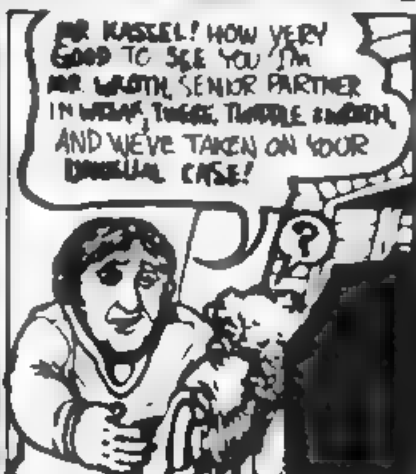
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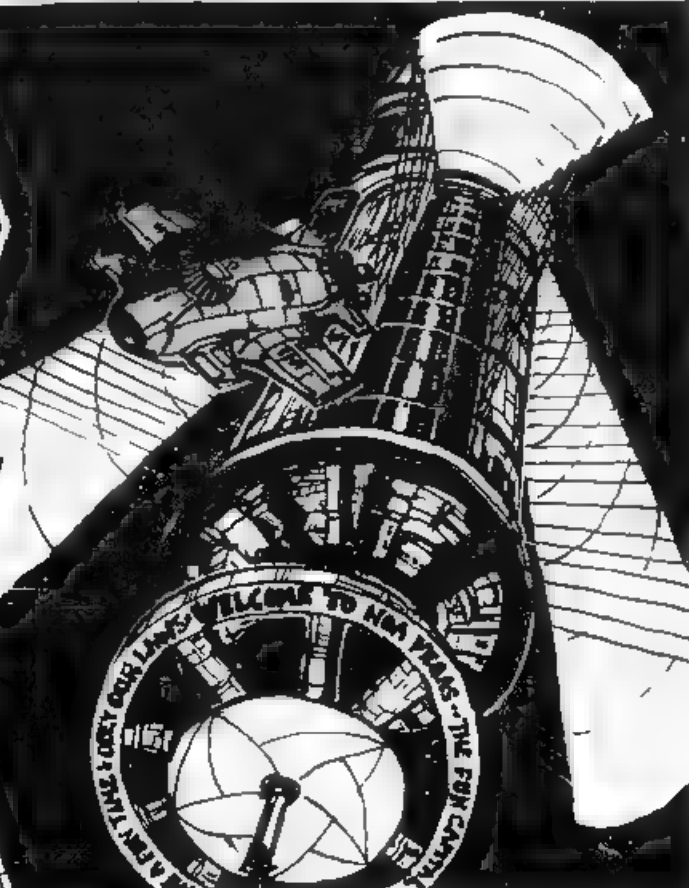
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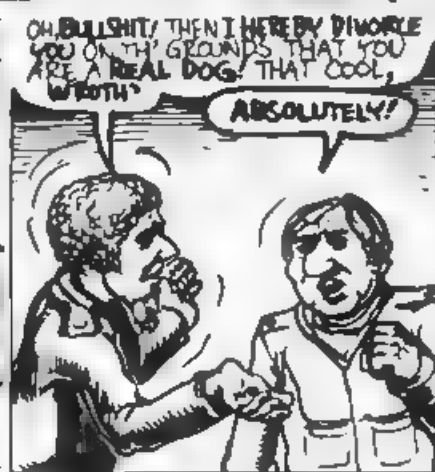


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TWO CITIES

/ continued from page 75

combination of old ice cream parlor and modern Arab harem. Mirrors and fountains. Nina Hagen sang here to celebrate their fourth anniversary last month. It's a place where people dress up and make entrances. In the back room there's dancing. As we are standing at the bar, Stephen asks if I had been to East Berlin.

There used to be acid coming from there," he says. "It was made at Humboldt University and then transported here by diplomatic courier. And once I scored hash there five years ago. But just as well you didn't get in. There's a DDR joke: 'The last one out switches off the light'."

Berlin is the only city in Germany where there are no laws about bar and restaurant closing times. We take advantage of this by ending the evening—very early in the morning—at the Berlin Bar (Uhlandstr. 145). By now I'm leaning against the wall for support.

"I wonder if I have enough on Berlin politics?" I ask.

"Politics is out here," Stephen says. "There are political people still around. Mostly burnt-out alcoholics in Kreuzberg. What's happening now is what you saw in that place where I live. Groups of people acting together to create something purely concrete."

The divisions of Europe, and Berlin in particular, are impermanent. Yet war is unthinkable, and political actions are impotent to effect a change.

Our hope is a sacred marriage, a union of opposites, a metamorphosis into something wholly redeemed. Heading back west on the autobahn I hear Grauzone's hit single on the radio: *Ich möchte ein Eisbär sein am kalten Polar dann musste ich nicht mehr wein' alles war so klar!* (I want to be a polar bear in the cold arctic then I wouldn't have to cry anymore everything would be clear!)

Track of the Storm

A Mr. Pure Positive reads all the above and accuses me of having a grim outlook. "Rejoice! Rejoice!" he shouts. "You have no choice."

"Do you know what the advantages are of a grim outlook?" I ask.

"No!" he challenges. "What are they?"

"It eliminates disappointment. Half the time you are right. And the other half you are pleasantly surprised." □



1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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418 WE'VE QUAFFED THE SOMA BRIGHT
And have immortal grown,
We've entered into light
And all the Gods have known
Gnostic verse

419 WHEN I'M NOT NEAR THE DRINK I
love, I love the drink I'm near
Bonnie Stern, *Toronto Sun*,
Aug. 1, 1979

420 DRUGS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CON-
sidered either sacred or diabolical
Leslie Fiedler

421 ELECTRICAL BANANA
Is gonna be a sudden craze
Electrica, banana
Is bound to be the very next phase!
Donovan song,
"Mellow Yellow," 1966

422 "THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD
varies from individual to in-
dividual
from description of
"Room 201," where each
person comes face to face with
their greatest fears in George
Orwell's 1984

423 THE NUCLEAR REGULATORY COM-
mission is considering a rule
which would require all nuclear plant op-
erators to be sober on the job. At the moment,
no rule prevents plant employees from
showing up for work under the influence of
drugs or alcohol
Uncle Sam, May 1982

424 DEAR DOPE LORE
We the brothers of the supreme
fraternity Koppa Koppa Buzz do have a
problem. We had this book on what pot
does to your memory and we can't remem-
ber what we did with it!
Mechel Lemmker

425 COCA AS A CURE FOR OPIUM HABIT
Dr. J. G. Cove reports a cure of
morphia habit following the use of coca
which was taken *ad libitum*
Louisville Medical News,
July 3, 1880, as cited in
New Remedies for Sept. 1880

426 AVOID A HANGOVER, STAY DRUNK
via KL

427 THANK YOU FOR NOT ASKING ME
not to smoke
Jeff MacNelly

428 CIGS CUT SEX DRIVE
Tallahassee, Fla. (UPI) — Re-
searchers at Florida State University
reported yesterday that as few as two high
nicotine cigarets can have a significant ef-
fect on male sex response—at least on a
short term basis. "Smoking... not only
resulted in significantly decreased response
measurement but the time it took to achieve
maximum arousal also increased
New York Daily News,
July 2, 1982

429 IN THE EARLY 70S THE NATIONAL
Commission on Marijuana and
Drug Abuse undertook the most compre-
hensive survey of marijuana ever attempt-
ed. The Commission ultimately found that
in the words of one of its members, "What
we have done in this country is create a
Drug-Abuse Industrial Complex, a new
growth industry that spends more than \$1
billion a year and does not have eradication
of the drug problem or even lessening it as
its primary goal. Its primary goal is self
perpetuation."

Laurence Gonzales *Playboy*
April 1982

430 WE DON'T SMOKE MARIJUANA IN
Muskogee
We don't take our trips on LSD
We don't burn our draft cards down on
Main Street
We like livin' right and bein' free
song, "Ole from Muskogee,"
Merle Haggard, 1970

431 BACK AND SIDE GO BARE, GO BARE
Both foot and hand go cold,
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old
William Stevenson,
Gammer Gurton's Needle
refrain of drinking song, act 2,
about 1573

432 YOU CAN SEE ME TONIGHT WITH AN
illegal smile
It don't cost very much but it lasts a
long while
song, "Illegal Smile,"
John Prine, 1971

433 HEROIN BECAME THE LEADING
cause of death among adolescents
in New York City during 1969 and 1970
Michael Cohen, M.D. and
Ira Litt, M.D., in
H.I. Barnett, *Pediatrics* 1972

434 YOU DON'T BUY BEER HERE
you just rent it
graffito, men's room,
The Oasis Bar, Palo Alto, Calif.

435 THE "HANGOVER"
A well known consequence of
acute alcohol intoxication is a syndrome of
generalized somatic discomfort, headache,
nausea, agitation, and mild tremulousness
which has been termed the "hangover."
The physiologic mechanisms related to the
hangover have not been determined. Cur-
rent evidence indicates that the hangover
may be the equivalent of a mild withdrawal
syndrome. There is no evidence that any
specific characteristic of beverage alcohol
such as its congener content or any unique
pattern of drinking, such as mixing differ-
ent beverages, is the causal basis for the
hangover. No specific form of pharmaco-
therapy is available for treatment of the
problem, and there is little evidence that
the plethora of popular remedies have any
efficacy.

Jack H. Mendelson, M.D. in
Cecil's Textbook of Medicine
1979

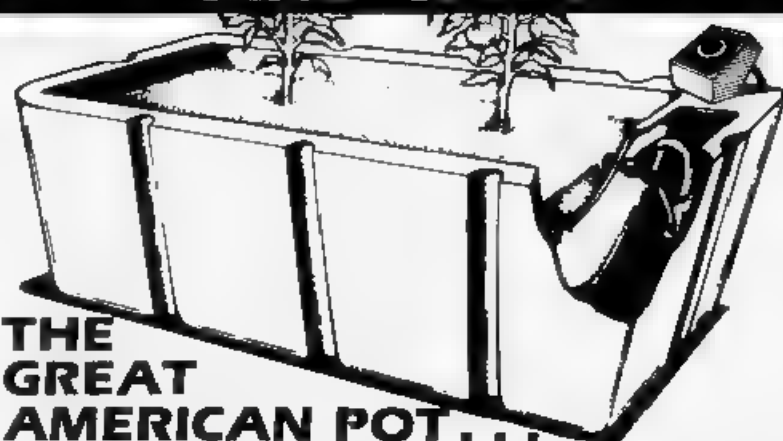
436 THE RISE IN CONSUMPTION OF
tranquilizers began in the 1960s
with Miltown and Equanil (generic name
meprobamate) as the prototypes, and these
were later replaced by Librium and Val-
ium. In 1968 40 million prescriptions were
written for the latter two drugs. Five years
later the number was 80 million, in 1976
the figure had increased to 91 million, about
eight percent of all prescriptions written by
physicians in the United States.

D. A. Girdano and
Dorothy Dusek,
Drug Education, 1980

437 BY SPRAYING THE MEXICAN MARI-
juana crop with poisonous chem-
icals President Carter is demonstrating a
brand of statesmanship we haven't seen
since Adolf Hitler
Gore Vidal *New York Post*
April 24, 1978

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to
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HASH FAMILY

/ continued from page 56

The children do all the work of making the hashish, to their perpetual aggravation. The boys are not allowed to smoke the stuff until they're of marriageable age, at which time they no longer have to make it, and so it's all just an odious chore for them. The well-ventilated workshop, about the size of a two-car garage, is situated at the edge of the family's own *kayf* plantation—probably the most extensive and productive in their end of the Bekaa, with its \$1-million-worth of brand-new American irrigation equipment, tended by Allis-Chalmers tractors and British Leyland harvester-combines.

Bales and literal haystacks of raw marijuana are piled all around the hash factory. Nobody in Lebanon smokes this seed-ridden, headachy weed, they make it all into hash, and so would you if you were stuck with a bale of it. Around and inside the shed, the necessary equipment is modern and new-bought: presses, rollers, steam chambers, packaging and stitching gear, even a surgical autoclave for the hash oil. Most of this equipment had been imported from Germany; while I was there, they trucked up another I.G. Farben press, in the scoop of an East German bulldozer.

Most of the work is automated, therefore, leaving the boys—about 10 of them, on any given day—mainly with the job of getting the resin out of the buds. They squeeze and shift the buds through screens, for hours on end, until the bins below are full of fine golden dust. (This could probably be automated too, but the Jaffra elders do not believe in countenancing idleness among children.)

The steel bins of hash powder are then soaked with grain alcohol and set over a low gas flame, so that the alcohol evaporates slowly, removing all non-hashish plant matter. The results are golden clumps and agglomerations of concentrated hash, which are clubbed into manageable chunks and stuffed into white cloth bags. These go into the steam chambers for about an hour, and come out quite soft and plastic. The bags, each containing a half-kilo of hash, are rolled flat and then crushed in a press to about an inch-thickness. Once the edges are stitched closed, these bricks are eminently transportable in bulk—uniform size, standard weight, indefinite shelf life and guaran-

teed Family Jaffra quality

Family Jaffra hashish has a rare international reputation, and is shipped by the ton everywhere—Europe, Canada, the United States, Australia, even India!

—ordered by brokers sight-unseen, untasted, implicitly trusted all around the world. Dealers do not often send hash-tasters up into the Bekaa to check out the article before they telex the advance money for a consignment to the *shaykh's* Luxembourg account. The Family Jaffra keep their hash at uniform, standard strength from season to season (I was not able to divine exactly how they did this), precisely so that the house will not be continually full of dope-dealing criminals from many lands, tasting their stock and squabbling over prices.

Of course, the article has to be identified as Family Jaffra hashish, to distinguish it from all other commodities, and this is done with a special stamp on each cloth-swathed block. The stamp changes from season to season. The last season's crop went out under the sign of the Star of David (the old *shaykh* still breaks frequently into uncontrollable cackling over the idea), while this year's crop wears the noble visage of the helmeted Diana from the American Express credit-card logo.

The Lebanese war, Mustafa explained, was not likely to make much difference to the family. Since they keep their drug-quality standard, and don't alter production very much from year to year, their own income is guaranteed and steady. However, they also ship out hash produced from smaller farmsteads around the Bekaa (never under the Family Jaffra stamp), and those people took a beating this year on the market. The family that lives in a collection of cardboard-and-chicken-wire coops just down the road, for instance, shrewdly forecast a great deal of political havoc in the south, which is always good for the hash trade, for last summer. But so did every other poor-mouth peasant family in the Bekaa, and they all overplanted to such an extent that the Family Jaffra dropped its buying price from \$400 per ton of weed to just \$50 a ton. So the war did impoverish a lot of Bekaa growers, but not the really important landed gentry like Family Jaffra—or Bashir Gemayel's people, who cultivated a sizable district of the Bekaa before their *Obergruppenführer's* timely demise.

Bashir Gemayel was right on the point of being "elected" president in Beirut when I got to the Bekaa, and was blown up just before I left. This was eminently agreeable for the family,



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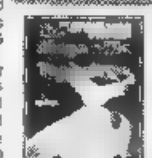
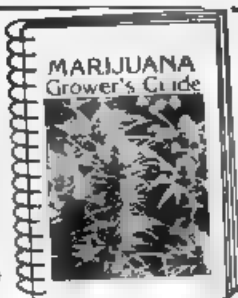
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who, though they are resolutely apolitical, are Arab as the day is long. Gemayel's Christian Phalangists, it seems, regularly depressed European buying prices by accepting arms instead of money for their hashish; also, their hash quality was irregular and their output undependable, which kept prices in an even more confusing muddle, complicating Family Jaffra's long-range development projections and investments. When the news broke that Bashir and his main thugs had been blown to little pieces—by the Syrians, everyone was flatly positive—a brace of suckling lambs was slaughtered at Villa Jaffra in jubilation. Bashir's high-and-mighty older brother and successor, Amin Gemayel, has always made a self-righteous public point of repudiating young Bashir's unsavory associations with the "narcotics traffic." Amin would not soon be able to get the Gemayel family back into the Bekaa trade, everyone figured, and so the trade was bound to become a lot more orderly.

Like dope-dealers everywhere, the Jaffras love to spin yarns about dealing with the "intelligence" services of foreign nations, and the Sicilian and Neapolitan Mafias. Mustafa's Uncle Ibrahim fondly told of the time, last season, when a Russian "smuggler"—big, blond, flat-nosed and jowly, obviously from Yuri Andropov's KGB—came around to the Villa Jaffra with no less than 60 scuba-diving tanks. He bought nearly a ton of hash-oil pumped into the scuba tanks, and carried it off to God, only knows where.

"The CIA?" Ibrahim responds dourly, when asked. "They are really good, they know the business and the buyers, and they never get caught. They have been in the business a long time, those fellows. But they almost never deal with us directly," he regretted. "They prefer to buy it from the Mafia, who are much bigger than Family Jaffra."

Questions about the PLO just made him laugh. "They don't have any buying contacts. Little fish. They can't deal drugs anyway, they're too anxious to shoot their guns. You can sell to them, but you would be crazy to try to buy from them. If they get suspicious of you, rat-a-tat-tat-tat. Too much shooting. But they are new to the business. Maybe they can learn."

At this point in the interview, in the book-lined study of the Villa Jaffra (all old French volumes that no one reads), Mustafa came in, trailing a 14-year-old boy in blue jeans and a Led Zeppelin T-shirt. To my astonishment, the kid si-

lently handed me a \$100 bill, American.

"Someone wants to pay us with this kind of money," Mustafa explained. "Could you check it for us?"

As a matter of fact, although the printing on the bill was unimpeachable, and Benjamin Franklin looked every bit as avuncular and scrupulous as ever, the paper was funny. It was so thick and stiff, I realized after some fondling, that you could have made a paper Concorde out of it, and flown it straight through the open bay window between the date-palm fronds beyond it. I had a momentary pang of something like patriotic affinity, since whoever was trying to foist this bogus issue on Family Jaffra was probably a fellow Yank, and would be lucky to get away with his nostrils slit and his earlobes clipped. But then, he had to know the risks before he got himself into this horrible dilemma.

"It's bullshit," I told Mustafa, handing it back to him. "They print barrels of these in Colombia, strictly for the international dope trade. No American bank teller would blow her nose in one of these."

While Mustafa, expressionless, folded the bill up into a very small, neat wad, and tucked it away in his plastic jacket, the kid's face lit up, incandescent with understanding and anticipation. Whatever was going to happen to that fishy Yank dope dealer, it would be more fascinating to watch than the slaughter of a birthday ram.

The business doesn't take up much time for the Family Jaffra. Even the boys who have to work in the hash barn are idle most days of the week—unwholesomely so, in the opinion of their elders—since there are so many boys. So everyone spends a lot of time vacationing, in France and Britain and the United States, to gawk at the same people who come to gawk at Arabs on their own vacations. Unlike the Saudi oil tycoons, the Lebanese hash barons don't tend to squander a lot of cash in the gambling hells of Monaco and London and Las Vegas, because they're such naturally shrewd mercantilists, they have only contempt for places where the odds are so obviously stacked in favor of the management. Nor do they seem to have much fascination for European prostitutes, as the Saudis so notoriously do; no one in Family Jaffra would pay a woman for doing what women are explicitly bidden to do by scriptural edict in the Holy Qu'ran.

In fact, they spend much of their leisure time in surprisingly constructive

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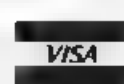
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projects. The excavation of ancient relics is fascinating for them, and they do it with something like *archaeological* curiosity and delicacy. A couple years back, some of Mustafa's cousins uncovered no fewer than four ancient Roman coffins. In one of them was the crisply preserved skeleton of a noble lady with golden rings on her fingers and toes, inlaid with onyx and obsidian, which Mustafa keeps in a cabinet that used to be a pantry. I was honored to see them, but a little dismayed to hear that the tiny golden goblets, which once had held her teardrops, had been sold to a gold merchant. I gave Mustafa an in-depth retelling of the semipornographic ghost story, written by Petronius Arbiter around A.D. 70, which was set in a lonesome graveyard in this very neighborhood, and which involved a very beautiful but unhappy lady who *may* have been the very lady his cousins excavated. [*The Satyricon*, by Petronius. Penguin Classics.] We agreed it was a shame that "legitimate" archaeologists, from Western universities, are so wonderfully moral that they decline to do business with the hash traders of the Bekaa Valley.

On the day I was packing up to leave, Uncle Ibrahim abruptly called me up to the conservatory for a final interview. It seems he was not wholly convinced that I was really just a free-lance photographer, and he harbored a suspicion or a hope that I *might* have special influence in narcotics-control circles in Washington, D.C., or Langley, Virginia, or wherever.

"I would like to sit down," he told me gravely, "with Interpol someday. I would like to talk business. *Real* business. We can now grow anything here, since we have the irrigation equipment, the tractors, the combines. We leveled down the road ourselves, you know, to truck the hashish out of the mountains to Ba'labakk. So we do not need to grow the hashish anymore, understand? We can grow sunflowers, and watermelons, and cotton, even peanuts, Mustafa tells me. But we need buyers for these things, just as we need buyers for the hashish. How can we know, though, that the businesses already selling watermelons and sunflower oil and peanuts will let us in their markets?"

That was beyond me, well beyond me. Ibrahim was asking about international policies pertaining to quotas, tariffs, duty fees and so on, for *legitimate* agricultural commodities. I knew a little about the hash trade, sure, but nothing about watermelons and peanut

butter and cooking oil.

"For half of what Interpol gives the Lebanese government every year to stop the hashish," he said, "I could stop it forever and for all. Here and now in this place." He made the single fist of the Family Jaffra, six thousand strong. "I could do it easily. You know I could."

Uncle Ibrahim, I believe, could clean up the whole Mafia heroin trade and all of South Florida too, if he was given a green light to do so. But I was in no position to give him a green light, and told him so. What's more, I added, Interpol and the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, the CIA, Mossad, the KGB and anyone else with the power to help him out of the hash trade would much rather obliterate him and his whole family, all six thousand of them, than admit that they're just plain stupid enough to let the likes of Uncle Ibrahim become a multibillionaire.

"You're talking about crop substitution," I advised him. "The United Nations played with the idea of substituting legal crops for dope crops all through the 1970s. Finally they realized that if it *could* be done—peanut butter instead of hash—then people like you would suddenly be upsetting the peanut-butter market as bad as the Germans upset the hash market. So the U.S. State Department, in particular, is very down on crop substitution these days. Understand?"

"All they do—," Ibrahim was in a rage, "is get some marijuana. They buy it, with Interpol and U.S. money. Then they take pictures of some of it being burned, and say they broke up a big drug ring. That's all they do!"

"They do that everywhere," I advised him. "Not just here. They do it in Colombia, Mexico, Turkey, Thailand—"

"We could eliminate hashish," Ibrahim said mournfully. Out of the whole monstrous Family Jaffra, he was the only one who appeared to have moral qualms about the family's enterprise. "We, ourselves, could pay the farmers to grow sunflowers. We could make the oil and take it to market. If we have no marijuana growing, then we can make no hashish."

"That would be a shame, really," I said. "You make hashish much better than the Moroccans."

But I told him I'd try to get the word across when I got back to the States. Already, of course, I knew that HIGH TIMES would be the only magazine that would publish anything of the sort. Which is a bummer, because HIGH TIMES pays even worse than the *Atlantic Monthly*. ☐

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RICK DERRINGER: STILL ALIVE AND PLAYING LIKE HELL

For the past 15 years Rick Derringer has been a tremendously influential rock musician, yet his name is still far from a household word. Where others have held out for the spotlight, Derringer has chosen to join the select band of behind-the-scenes musicians who set things up for the bigger names. Derringer led his band, the McCoys, to the top of the charts in the mid '60s with "Hang On Sloopy," went on to play and write for Johnny Winter's best rock outfit, produced the platinum *They Only Come Out at Night* LP for Edgar Winter and has subsequently become a much sought after session player, appearing on projects as varied as Steely Dan and Meatloaf.

Derringer played in various garage bands as Rick and the Raiders along with his brother Randy on drums, gigging around their home state of Ohio. The Derringer boys backed up the Strangeloves when that band hit Ohio, and the Strangeloves paid them back by taking them to New York and introducing what would become the McCoys to Bert Berns, president of Bang Records. Berns had written a song called "Hang On Sloopy" that had already been an R&B hit by the Vibrations under the name "My Girl Sloopy," and Rick's cover was hot enough to become one of the biggest-selling singles of 1965.

"I was really excited to be part of that song," Derringer says today about "Hang On Sloopy." "I had heard it a year before when it was on the R&B charts. In some ways it was a prototype for heavy-metal-style music with the bass and guitar playing in unison. It was pretty adventurous. Bert Berns lived in Cuba for a couple of years. When he came back he was really fascinated with a Latin-Cuban kind of thing. He wrote a lot of songs like 'Twist and Shout' with that kind of rhythm to it."

The success of "Sloopy" introduced the McCoys to the heady New York music scene of the time. "We were in-



Photography • Bob Koss

fluenced by all of the music that was going on when we came," Derringer explains. "When we went to the Village we saw the Lovin' Spoonful who were playing at that time, the Magicians, Blues Magoos and all those kind of bands. Having a hit single gave us access to those kind of places where we might have been too shy to go, coming from where we were from."

Derringer soon found out that success had its drawbacks when the McCoys developed into a more experimental hard-rock style and became mired in an image problem. "Because we came slightly ahead of all those 1910 Fruit-gum type of bands, people perceived us as part of that whole thing without listening to us. We were caught in a situation where half of our audience was into us because they expected us to be a bubble-gum band, and the other half of the audience was into us because they heard rumors that we might be a lot more than that."

"The later McCoys stuff was pretty advanced," notes Derringer. "I think we were doing things that other people weren't doing at all. We were mixing kinds of music together that hadn't

been mixed previously. We were dabbling with jazz and country and blues at the same time. We didn't really know what we were doing but we turned out to be forerunners of a lot of different types of music. I don't think we ever got credit for that."

Perhaps it was the disillusioning experience with the McCoys that kept Derringer from putting all his eggs in one basket again. The McCoys eventually teamed up with Johnny Winter as Johnny Winter And. Rick wrote Winter's signature piece, "Rock and Roll Hoochie Coo" before going on to produce and play with Edgar Winter. During the '70s Derringer released eight albums under his own name on Johnny Winter's Blue Sky label, but the association eventually went sour. "I just didn't feel they were helping my career," Derringer says of his decision to leave Blue Sky.

Derringer's first album since leaving his old company signals a new phase in his career, a return to the optimism and willingness to take chances that characterized the innocent days of the McCoys. The opening track, "Shake Me," is an arena rock anthem that showcases Rick's gut-bucket guitar and vocal style.

"It goes over great with kids," says Derringer of the song. "They sing it first time through when we do it live. That was written by Jake Hooker and Alan Merrill, who wrote 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll,' pretty much as a followup to 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll.' I don't think they wrote it specifically for Joan Jett, but if it was presented to her, for whatever reason she didn't use it. So I looked at it as a golden opportunity to get a follow-up song to a proven hit by two proven hit writers. Kids should like it as much or maybe more. I think the song's as good or better, and it's an opportunity to use it for my own benefit."

Bonnie Tyler of "It's a Heartache" fame joins Rick for a vocal duet on



James Wilcox
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(bass, right) flank
one of history's
most influential
all-time guitar
greats—Rick
Derringer
(smack-dab
center).



"When Love Attacks." "We worked on that for a long time," explains Derringer. "Originally that was part of a conceptual album that I was writing about being in the music business, which is an old story, but what was gonna make it different is that it was me telling my version. As it turned out, the record company said, 'Nobody cares about what you see from the inside. And they might be right. At any rate we scrapped that idea. The song was originally called 'Will You Love Me (If I Make It)'. When we scrapped it I thought the music was really good and we should work on another direction. Me and Ratso [HIGH TIMES' Larry Sloman cowrote half the songs on the LP *Good Dirty Fun* with Rick] worked together and came up with 'When Love Attacks.'"

The record also includes a hard-rock cover of Manfred Mann's '60s chestnut "Do Wah Diddy Diddy." "I was looking to find a song from that era that people could get into that wasn't overworked yet, and in the end that was the one which seemed to stand out. I know at a party or something, if I put on the tape of the album, when that one comes around it usually gets everyone's reaction for some reason. They all go, 'Oh I've heard that, wow!' or 'Great, I'm glad you redid that.' Also, I saw Bill Murray singing it in *Stripes*, and that reminded me that I had been thinking about doing it."

The song that best captures the album's spirit is the raucous "Party at

the Hotel." "We've been doing it for two years on the road," Rick explains, "and the kids know the song. They keep saying, 'When's that "Party at the Hotel" album coming out?' Its life on the road. It's really an honest song in some ways, certainly stretching the truth a little bit, we're not gonna trash this place every night. Occasionally those places do get trashed."

Derringer went on to describe a recent "Party at the Hotel" experience. "A few nights ago some kid wanted me to play the tape of our album. So he brought in this little General Electric one-speaker tape recorder—terrible machine. But it was a tape recorder, so we played the album and when he got ready to leave he said, 'You guys don't have a tape recorder, so I'm gonna give you this one.' We tried to tell him we didn't need the recorder, that if we wanted one we'd buy a better one than that anyway. He said, 'I want you to have it as a gift from me. It was really special to him.'"

"This is gonna be terrible when he reads this. So a few nights later we were having one of these so-called parties at the hotel, and I was playing the tape, and all of a sudden the band starts going, 'I don't hear the bass, where's the bass?' and all this kind of stuff. I said, 'It's a General Electric one-speaker tape recorder, it's an American inferior product, there's no bass on there, you're not gonna hear any bass on there!' They're still going, 'I wanna hear the bass.' So I ripped the tape out of the tape recorder,

took the tape recorder out to the balcony and tossed it down nine stories to the cement below. A few minutes later a bellman knocks on the door with all the broken remnants of this tape recorder in his hand. He said, 'I think you dropped this.'"

Aside from the album, Derringer has several other projects in the works—a couple of productions, some video work, a guitar book, a custom-designed guitar, some sessions, an album with drummer Carmine Appice and friends—and he swears that his band has never sounded better live. It seems that he may finally be due for the recognition he's deserved, but the years of relative obscurity have left their mark.

"I used to say and I certainly still feel," he points out, "yeah, I resent Eddie Van Halen being so fantastically famous, I resent Jimmy Page being considered some guitar wizard. I resent Steve Morse of the Dixie Dregs all of a sudden being number one in the *Guitar Player* poll this year. By saying that, I'm leading you to believe that what I want is only that recognition. I'd like that kind of recognition, but what I've learned in the last couple of years is what I really want is just to be able to continue doing what I do. I like doing all this stuff, and as long as I have an opportunity to keep on doing it, that's what I want to do. I'd like that recognition some day, that would be fantastic, but I just don't want to ever have to stop doing these things, because I don't know anything else—this is what I do."

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BARREL FULL OF SAMURAI

Kurosawa's Classic, Uncut At Last

A band of marauding, sadistic bandits descend on an impoverished village like some evil plague, like a swarm of locusts, like an inexorable fire storm. They burn, kill, loot and rape—despoil the village (as they have time and again in the past) of all its crops, its sustenance for the coming year. The villagers, desperate, seek the advice of their elder—a leathery ancient ensconced in an ancient mill. "What shall we do?" they beg. "Find samurai," the old man taciturnly replies. "But samurais are expensive. We have nothing," they persist. The elder purses his lips. "Find hungry samurai," he answers.

This is the opening, and the premise, for Akira Kurosawa's legendary 1954 battle epic, *Seven Samurai*—now universally acknowledged as the greatest action adventure epic in the history of the cinema, and the finest of all Japanese films (cited as such by both the 1979 Kinema Jumbo poll of Japanese critics, and—repeatedly—by the pre-eminent scholar of Japanese film, Donald Richie). But *Seven Samurai*—despite its reputation, despite its 1954 Silver Lion at the Venice Film Festival, despite the famous 1960 Western remake, *The Magnificent Seven*, which it inspired—has never played in the United States before in its complete, unexpurgated form. The original stateside prints—in the '50s—were shorn by almost an hour and a half. Even the lengthened prints, now regularly appearing on the revival circuits, are missing nearly 45 minutes. And, as Richie has remarked, this cutting severely marred the film. "The complete... film has an epiclike quality, due to the skilful repetition of events, which in the opinion of many, puts it among the best films ever made not only in Japan, but anywhere in the

world." Most original observers agree—but only this year is the complete, 208-minute *Seven Samurai* finally available for American film enthusiasts to see, marvel over and to make their blood run thick and hot and explode. Landmark Films now distributes the uncut *Seven Samurai* (and only a year or so after it finally placed third—after only *Citizen Kane* and *The Rules of the Game*—in the *Sight and Sound* international critics' poll).

The unexpurgated *Seven Samurai* has a greatly—if not radically—different effect than the *Seven Samurai* beloved by film buffs and by directors from Penn to Peckinpah. The original distributors (who released the film in America) cut out most of the character and atmosphere scenes, and left the furious, legendary action scenes intact (this has led some critics, like Pauline Kael, to insist that action is the film's *raison d'être*, and the philosophic or emotional content "banal" or simpleminded). Now, in the complete version, we can see the gradual, steady, slow ripening to the climactic explosion—the half-hour sword and horse battle in the rain. We watch the recruitment of the samurai, get far more psychological vivisection (especially in the make-believe samurai, Kikuchiyo, a magnificent piece of comic bravura by Toshiro Mifune, which Kael had dismissed as "ham") and, more important, a heightened sense of the tensions in the village itself: between the pallid, frightened villagers seeking desperately to protect their meager provisions and the chastity of their daughters—and the sometimes swaggering, amused samurai... who, after all, are there basically out of curiosity, poverty and/or the goodness of their hearts. All this is vital, feeding into the impact of the final moments—as the survivors stand by the gravesides of their slaughtered comrades, and compare their position with the joyous harvesting of the farmers—who have, it seems, temporarily forgotten them

Everything that has made *Seven Samurai* such a scintillating, unforgettable experience for so many years, remains: the compelling imagery (the little village cradled in its bowl of dangerous hills and deep forests; the extravagant body English of the samurai violently contrasted with the timidity of the townspeople, the waves of rippling flowers, streams, all the lycrism of the ancient countryside that will suddenly turn threatening and dark); the broadly drawn characters (Takashi Shimura as the benevolent samurai leader Kamei, wonderfully ingratiating, modest, infinitely patient, radiant and admirable; Minoru Chiaki as Heihachi, the clown, Seiji Miyaguchi as the master swordsman Kyuzo, thin, tense, as if chiseled in bone, and Mifune as the almost psychopathic Kikuchiyo); and the furious action (the wild screams of Kikuchiyo in the midst of slaughter, the icily, terrifyingly disciplined cut-and-thrust of Kyuzo, whose craftsmanship is like a ballet of death, the pounding hooves of the horses as they are lured one by one through the village gates; and the final symphony of carnage and slaughter, desperation and death, in the driving rain, climaxed by the last crack of a rifle thrust, the last plunge home of Kikuchiyo's sword, and the peace of the slaughter's terrible aftermath...). Yet now it all seems richer, more human even more memorable.

Only rarely does a great film—an *Intolerance*, a *Rules of the Game*, an *Ivan the Terrible*, a *Searchers*, a *Vertigo*, a *Day of Wrath*—receive its "first" release at the time when its greatness has at last been unquestioningly recognized; that's the case with this current release of the uncut *Seven Samurai*. No one who has seen the film should miss it now; and anyone who has never seen it (in any version) should be mightily sympathized with. As Kurosawa himself has said, he wanted to make a film "entertaining enough to eat..." richer, stronger than the tradi-

Toshiro Mifune grunts, glowers and skewers a lot of nasty looking bad guys in the uncut version of Akira Kurosawa's tale of blood and honor, Seven Samurai, Japan's most famous flick

tional "Green Tea over Rice" quality of even the best Japanese films (of great directors like Ozu or Mizoguchi). And now we are able to see the full, masterly, richly satisfying and bounteous feast which he created

Winter Kills is a glamorous, witty pulse-racing thriller based on Richard Condon's blackly satiric takeoff on the Kennedy assassination and its aftermath. The plot is Byzantine and wildly improbable—wheels within wheels within wheels, the kind of story where each fresh twist keeps spinning you off course, where you keep saying: "Oh no. Oh, no! They didn't do *that*!" But they did; they do—and, what's more, they keep topping themselves all the way to the climax. . . macabre slapstick piled on juicy, teeth-rattling sex piled on roaring action piled on irreverent outrageous social commentary; all springing from a pseudonymous portrayal of the Kennedy family (especially a variation on patriarch Joseph Kennedy that John Huston brings to roaring, scabrous, hilariously amoral life) that seems to trample giddily all over the edge of the libel laws and every canon of historical good taste

The story follows the mad investigations of the younger brother of assassinated President "Kegan"—shot down years ago in Philadelphia by lone gunman "Willie Arnold"—then, in turn assassinated himself by gangster-restaurateur "Joe Diamond." President "Kegan," son of fabulously wealthy "Pa Kegan," was involved with the murdered movie sex bomb "Ellamae Irving"; he had also incurred the enmity of organized crime and the powerful "Tubesters Union," whose nefarious president, "Vinnie Blanik," rots in jail and, later, hell. Although the slightly senile "Pickering Commission" has concluded that solitary, crazed "Arnold" acted totally alone, it seems obvious that some combination of gangsters, Tubesters, right-wing oil men, government agencies and foreign intelligence hit artists also had a foul hand in the fire. (It doesn't take much, of course, to unscramble the code and read "Jack Kennedy," "Lee Harvey Oswald," "Jack Ruby" "Joe Kennedy," "Marilyn Monroe," "The Teamsters," "Jimmy Hoffa" and "The Warren Commission"—or to tumble to the secret identities of the rest of the *Winter Kills* rogue's gallery, either

But this is no paranoid reconstruction a la *Executive Action*. It's paranoid, all



Jeff Bridges plays the assassinated president's brother in *Winter Kills*.

right, but, now, the paranoia becomes a joke. Since nothing could be farther-fetched than the *actual* Kennedy assassination, the actual Warren Report, or everything that's happened since—the movie simply goes out on the furthest edge of each possible investigative limb—every branch that every assassination buff has followed for two decades—and then saws it off, leaving fresh clues and cliff-hangers yet to come. *Nothing* becomes unthinkable—and the final conclusion is the most appalling, lurid speculation of all. The central figure—Nick Kegan (another of Jeff Bridges' easy, loose-limbed jobs)—is, as writer-director William Richert keeps reminding us, another Alice in Wonderland stumbling down deeper and deeper rabbit holes and into madder and madder tea parties

The whole film is enjoyably plush; the cast is star-studded (Toshiro Mifune, Eli Wallach, Richard Boone, Dorothy Malone, Ralph Meeker, Sterling Hayden, Anthony Perkins—even a cameo by Liz Taylor—in addition to Bridges and Huston) and the production has a rich sheen; summoning up waves of Fitzgeraldian glamour even as it sneers at its own conceits. Incredibly, Richert was making his fiction feature directorial debut with *Winter Kills* (he had previously done two excellent documentaries, *Derby* and *First Position*, and written scripts for Ivan Passer), that he got such a classy, gaudy, vivid entertainment on his first try seems miraculous. (For my money, it stands as one of the most accomplished American directorial debuts of the '70s—right beside Terence Malick's *Badlands*



Linda Bauer gets Bridges' britches hot

and David Lynch's *Eraserhead*).

But even more miraculous—and paranoia-inducing—is the story *behind* *Winter Kills*—a tale involving the default of much of the production money; a shut-down by the unions in the middle of shooting; the suicide of one producer and the arrest of the other in one of "the largest pot-busts in American history." Only now—re-edited by Richert, and with a new ending—is this remarkable thriller getting its *proper* release—by an outfit called "The Invisible Studio," partially formed by Richert himself. "The Invisible Studio" is not Warner Brothers, and it may move by nearly invisible channels, but this movie is the kind of unique, wall thriller we've been looking for since, say, *The Manchurian Candidate* (or even *Touch of Evil*). □

RAIDERS

/ continued from page 48

pan guy, half macho smuggler, half mystic. That devotee of the devious joke. That deep schemer. His favorite books: Terry Southern's *The Magic Christian*; *Agent of Chaos*; and Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*. Tom, the Grass Tycoon. Had he engineered his own death and resurrection? Is it possible, as the feds supposed, that the next person to knock on the door might be some weirdly disguised or surgically altered figure of Forcade? I could almost imagine him grinning in his sly mischievous way, strolling in lighting up a joint, inhaling it, savoring it silently, passing it to me and finally saying something like, "Well, 'R,' where you been keeping yourself?" Or, "Well 'R,' I've been reading your column and I came back to correct you on some of the finer points of Colombian."

When the knock on the door came a few minutes later, I practically jumped out of the bath.

At the door I heard a familiar voice.

"Room service. A little piece of paradise on a plate."

It was my Polynesia Towne hopette. She wheeled in a standard motel room service tray, covered with those depressing metal motel-room room-service plate covers.

"I'm not hungry, I said, with some annoyance. "I thought you—"

"Before you complain, take off the covers, sweetheart," she said in that great Florida panhandle accent that all truck-stop waitresses try to imitate but fail if they don't have the white-trash right stuff.

I took off the cover, and behold it was a five-course feast of drugs. Bread baskets full of buds, a soup bowl heaped with 'ludes and, under the main-course plate cover, a heaping mound of Bolivian rocks.

So this was room service at Myron's. She smiled at me.

"My name is Maribeth," she said. "I can suggest a nice way for you to tip the room-service waitress."

An hour later, Maribeth and I were on the carpet moaning and snorting. No, it's not what you might think. It wasn't what I might have had in mind. What happened was that after one of the 'ludes kicked in, I'd managed to kick over the whole room-service tray, spilling most of the coke all over the floor.

We were managing to do pretty well in the carpet-to-nostril method of

retrieving it. But there was so much irretrievably lost in the polyester fibers that the task was hopeless.

"I have an idea," Maribeth exclaimed with that high-school cheerleader enthusiasm that made her irresistible.

"What's the idea, Maribeth?"

"Hut Seven," she said.

"Hut Seven? What's going on in Hut Seven?"

"This is the night for the weekly coke-tasting contest. They've got the five women who are the best coke tasters in South America plus two American girls, I hear. All the Cubans bring their best."

"What, just women tasters?"

"Come on, everyone knows chicks are the only ones really able to taste blow. At least when you're talking subtleties," Maribeth told me.

"But what are these Cubans gonna think when I walk into this, uh—"

"Hut Seven. Don't worry. The dwarf said you're okay," Maribeth assured me.

"The dwarf? I didn't know the goddamn dwarf until I tripped over him coming in."

"Well, the dwarf seems to think he knows you. He saw you undressing me and he gave me the sign."

"The sign?"

"That you're a VIP, somebody's people. You get special treatment. He didn't say why."

"Did he say what the special treatment meant?"

"Maybe you'll find out if you come to this coke-tasting party. Hey, what are you, uptight or something? This is probably the most exclusive social affair in all of Miami. All the best people, all the best coke. Everybody comes prepared to party with no limits, if you know what I mean. Go," she urged, "I'm getting excited thinking about it."

As we were heading out the door into the pulsing neon night outside, my phone rang. I picked it up and my blood froze.

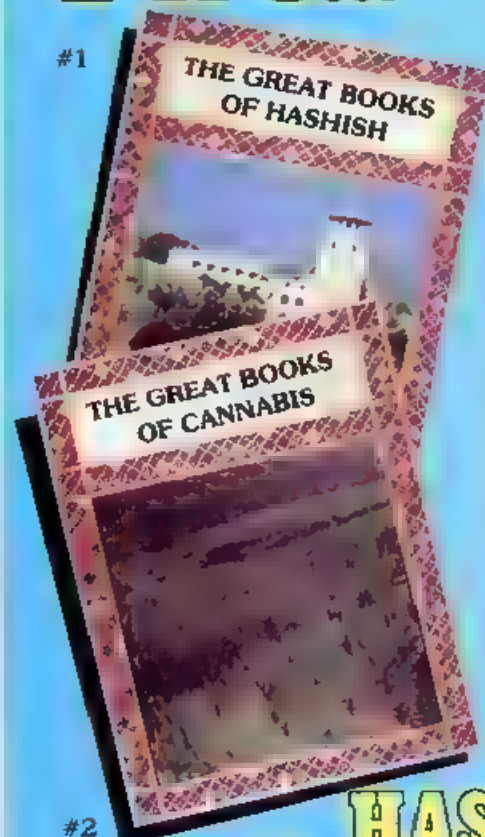
"Hi, R," the voice on the line said. "Choose your friends carefully, man."

It wasn't the warning in the words that stunned me—it was the voice that spoke them. It was a very familiar voice, though I hadn't heard it for four years. But I could have sworn it was the voice of the late Tom Forcade. □

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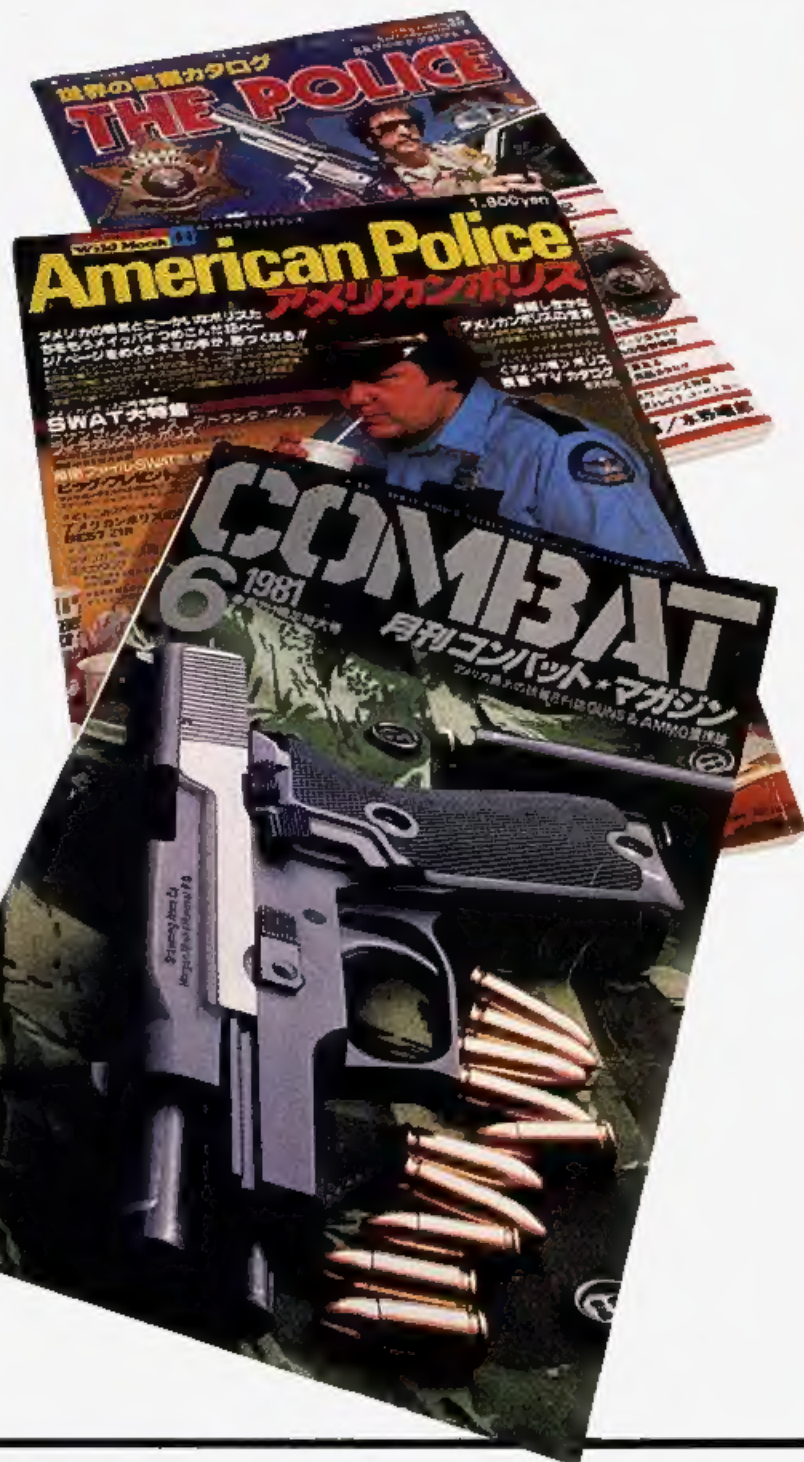
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